

*Hundredth Year*

*May 6, 1926*

# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION



*From a Painting by STANLEY M. ARTHURS*

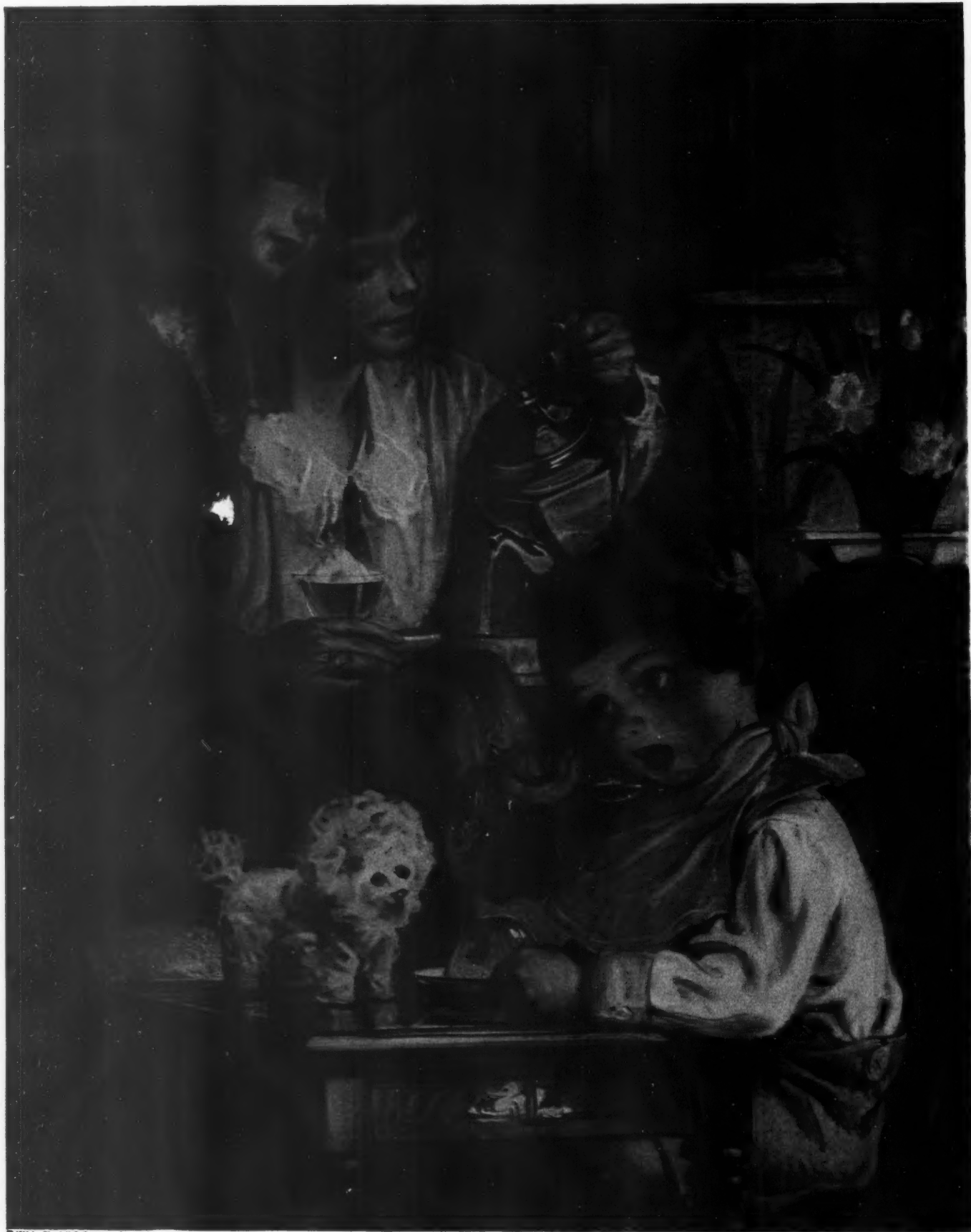
Peter Minuet buys the Delaware River lands from the Indians for  
a brass kettle and a few trinkets, March, 1638

In this Issue • Stories by Edwin Cole, A. S. Pier, Gladys Blake and  
C. A. Stephens • MAN'S FOES and VICTIMS, by Sir Harry Johnston

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**"Your Bobby is so well behaved for such a little fellow"  
That's because when he is bad I take away his JELL-O"**

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# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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## The Gun-Runners

By EDWIN COLE

Illustrated by FRANK E. SCHOONOVER



*Trooper Daley saw three Mexican carts drawn by ponies. One of the riders was a large man with gray hair that showed through his Stetson*

IF Pogo, the captain's extra mount, had not worked loose his halter rope, Trooper Daley would have had a dull day in camp beside the main trail from Montevaca across the border. Only a sergeant and the new and old guards had been left behind when Troop X went out in three patrols to roam through barren hills and sandy desert searching for any or all of the numerous parties that were known to be running forbidden arms and ammunition into Sonora. But Pogo did break loose, and Daley saddled up in a hurry and started in pursuit.

Mounting a hill two miles from camp, Daley saw Pogo, already tired of his escapade, start circling back. Well beyond the farthest point of his flight he saw a cloud of dust. With soldierlike caution he dismounted and looked for its cause. After watching it for many minutes he had learned but one thing about it: it slowly crept southward toward the border.

Daley decided that Pogo would return to camp all right, and that it was his duty to push across the plain and learn more of those travelers who were being so careful to keep off the trail.

For an hour he had traveled in the direction of a distant peak in line with which he had marked the dust, when out of the silences of the desert came the shrill neigh of a horse. Daley's mount tossed its head; but before it could trumpet its answer Daley had reached forward and closed a hand over its nostrils, shutting off its wind for the moment.

He slipped from his animal and stood at its head, prepared to stop any equine signal. The neigh had come from over the brow of the hill before him. The crest of this was covered by a fairly dense growth of mesquite. Daley worked well into this and waited. He had, to be sure, prevented his horse from answering the other's call, but to a horseman the call itself was enough warning of the presence of other animals to warrant investigation.

And now his mount showed unmistakable signs of uneasiness. It pricked its ears and tried impatiently to throw its head. And yet Daley heard no sound, saw no movement. Then he "froze" in his position, for up from the valley floated a hail, "See anything, Jim?"

And so near that Daley knew it must be just outside the thicket in which he stood came the answer, "No. Always knowned that cayuse of yours was a fool."

"Knows more than some men I could name," came the retort. "Might be a whole regiment up in that mesquite, and you'd be none the wiser."

"Is that so?" came the belligerent reply. "If there was a pony round here, I reckon it 'ud have answered. Your old mule smelled

some coyote and didn't know the difference."

"Have it your own way," came the answer; "but you better come down hyar before you stumble on somethin'." Sides, it's time to be pushing along."

THERE was a movement outside the thicket, and now Daley caught a glimpse of a sombrero as the rider cantered away. Daley waited where he stood. It was evident that he had discovered the source of the dust. It was apparent, too, that these men had something to conceal. It was reasonable to suspect that they were gun-runners. But Daley wanted more than suspicion, and he wondered how to get it. If he led his horse forward, any moment the gregarious animal might call out to its fellows; and if he left it tied to the mesquite, it was almost sure to get lonesome and to whinny. He solved the problem as best he could by making a noose of the end of his lariat and slipping it over the horse's muzzle, holding the bight of it so that he could tighten it with a jerk. Then he mounted and rode cautiously forward until the hill dropped away abruptly, and through the thinning thicket he saw at last what he had sought. There were three Mexican carts drawn by ponies. The last was abreast of him, and on the driver's seat slouched a diminutive Mexican boy under a huge sombrero. The trooper's glance, ranging forward, took in the drivers of the other carts. These, too, he judged to be Mexicans, a man to each cart, and ahead of the wagon train rode two horsemen side by side. One of these riders was slender and under average size. The other was a large man with gray hair that showed beneath his Stetson. These were the two Daley had heard. He reined back at the edge of the thicket. He had found his quarry. Now the question was what to do with it? It would be more discreet, no doubt, to return to camp and get more men. But on the other hand he was not sure of the contents of those carts. Again, if these were indeed gun-runners, they might slip into some hidden canyon and disappear, or else conceal their guns, if such they had, and give the troopers the laugh.

On the other hand, the butt of a rifle projected from its boot on the rear horse, and a cartridge belt was about the waist of the younger rider. No doubt the older man was similarly armed. Would they peacefully submit to arrest if they were indeed gun-runners? Daley doubted it very

much, and he wished that he had brought his rifle as well as his automatic pistol.

But he must do one thing or the other. The riders disappeared down a draw between the hill on which he stood and a smaller one that flanked it. The first cart rattled out of sight in turn. Daley was well in the rear of the train now. A short gallop brought him to the tailboard of the rear cart as it was dipping down into the draw. "Wait a minute!" Daley called in a low voice.

The little Mexican turned a startled face. He was only a boy. It scarcely needed the sight of Daley's gun to make him stop his ponies. He pulled them up abruptly and watched the soldier with fright in his eyes. Daley dismounted and climbed over the tailboard of the cart. The sombrero of the driver ahead was just dropping out of sight. Daley felt that he had not been seen.

He pulled aside an old blanket that covered the cargo and exclaimed in disgust. An orderly row of bales of alfalfa covered the bottom of the cart. Daley might have given up then save for what a quick glance at the Mexican boy revealed. He caught a flash of exultation and relief in the boy's eyes, but that died at once. Daley reached down and lifted one end of a bale—or rather he attempted to, for loose hay came away in his hand.

"Huh! Pretty solid alfalfa," he muttered. He glanced at the boy again. He had turned and was looking down the draw.

"No signals, kid!" Daley cautioned. He patted his gun holster as the boy turned back. The Mexican's sullenness showed that he understood. The trooper took his automatic by the muzzle and struck one of the bale wires a sharp blow that snapped it. A few handfuls of alfalfa and his fingers closed over the sight guard of a rifle.

"SO that's the game!" exclaimed the trooper. He felt about in the hay and found two other rifles. Three rifles to a bale. How many bales? He straightened up to count them, and as he did so a voice drawled coldly at the rear of the cart.

"Seems like you're mighty curious," it said. Daley turned to find himself covered by the slim young rider who had nearly discovered him in the mesquite thicket.

Daley's pistol lay within arm's reach on a near-by bale. He regarded it thoughtfully. So did the gun-runner. "Wouldn't try it," he advised with ominous quiet. "José, you

take his gun," he added to the Mexican boy. "I reckon he won't need it right away." The

frightened Mexican possessed himself of Daley's pistol.

The trooper eyed his captor steadily. "I suppose you know what you are doing?" he suggested. "You're bucking the whole United States Army."

"You're only a danged small part of it, and you'll jest tag along as a guest o' ours," said the Mexican. He caught up the reins of Daley's horse and made them fast to the tailboard of the cart. Then he took Daley's automatic from the driver and thrust it in his belt.

"Move along, José," he ordered the Mexican boy, "and move lively."

The boy touched up his ponies, and the cart rattled and swayed down the draw. At the foot of it Daley saw the other two carts waiting with the second rider, rifle across the pommel of his saddle, watching their approach. He made a motion to his two drivers as the third cart drew near, and these took up the march. Then he dropped back beside Daley's guard, who rode at the rear of the third cart, eyed the prisoner sharply and presently after a word with the younger man wheeled his horse and rode back up the draw.

IT was a matter of a half-hour before he rejoined the train, and this in the meantime had pushed along at a running walk through sand and mesquite. Again the two men conferred in low tones. Daley judged that the older rider had satisfied himself that there were no other troopers in the immediate vicinity. The tracks would have told that story. At last the big man took his place at the head of the train, and the younger rider held his position a few paces in the rear of Daley's cart, and they proceeded at the same pace.

And in this way the afternoon wore on. At intervals one or the other rider would mount a near-by hill and look for signs of rescue, the second man guarding Daley in the meantime. The result was always satisfactory apparently, for the train moved on at the same rate of speed.

Daley's gloom increased. He had hoped and expected that when he did not return a search party would be sent out after him and the train be discovered. Indeed this was one reason that prevented him from "calling the gun-runner's bluff," as he put it. He doubted that either of his captors would shoot, but he felt that he should have the best of reasons before experimenting.

And now the sun was low. Shortly it would drop behind the western hills, and night would fall quickly. His chances then of rescue would be slim, and the gun-runners' chances of escape across the border exceedingly good. From time to time he had tried without result to engage the close-lipped young gun-runner in conversation. He doubted indeed that these men would harm him, provided he did not interfere with their plans before they were safely over the border, but whenever he thought of the humiliation of returning to camp empty-handed with no story but that of calmly submitting to capture he resolved

that he would make some attempt. He lay at length on the alfalfa, his eyes closed, but very much awake. The valley was narrowing and had swung eastward, for the sun hung over the rear of the cart now, tipping the western mountains. The young rider dozed in his saddle. Through his nearly closed lids Daley could see his head droop and fetch up with a jerk and droop again. The Mexican boy slouched in his customary manner, the reins hanging loose in his hands. The cart ahead swayed along a hundred feet or more away, with the first cart at a like interval. The advance rider was hidden from Daley's sight.

AND now fortune came to his aid. The young gun-runner's horse had long scented the fragrant alfalfa. Its rider had jerked it up from time to time to prevent it from nosing into the cart. Now the animal, its reins loose, craftily lengthened its stride and thrust its muzzle over the tailboard of the cart. In a tense moment Daley reached for the bridle and caught it. The next he was out of the cart and on his feet. A step carried him to the rider's side, and as the fellow roused out of his doze and reached instinctively for his gun Daley caught desperately at his wrist. The pony shied off, and its rider came to ground with Daley on top of him.

Daley found he had a wildcat on his hands. For all his considerably greater weight he could not hold the other down. The pistol fell to the sand in the scuffle. The riderless horse bolted down the valley. The Mexican boy had come out of his apathy. He had stopped his cart and was shouting lustily for help. It was a matter of seconds before the other gun-runner would



The trooper shifted both hands to the other's throat and clung on like a bulldog

appear on the scene, and that would end it for Daley.

The trooper shifted both hands to the other's throat and clung on like a bulldog. The gun-runner beat and kicked and tried to gouge him, but Daley's long reach saved him. He took his punishment and hung on. The gun-runner's face grew purple. His eyes bulged. His struggles grew weaker. And then he went limp in Daley's hands.

As Daley let go his hold and reached for

the automatic, he saw the big man coming. He was racing his horse to the rear of the column, revolver in hand. The soldier knelt beside his fallen foe and tried to steady a hand cramped from the choking grasp he had had on the younger gun-runner's throat. He opened up fire as the rider appeared from behind the cover of the last cart. His first shot missed. He got one back that threw the sand in his face. Then the big man leaned low over his horse's neck, gave

When day broke over the desert a thrill of pride and relief gave new life to the tired trooper. The hill above the camp from which he had first seen the train was in sight. Upon its crest he saw a watching horseman. The watcher was signaling to the camp below, and Daley knew the joy of the victor returning safely with his spoils—the joy of a man who had set out to capture a mere runaway pony and had brought back a pair of desperate crooks.

## Man's Foes and Victims

By SIR HARRY JOHNSTON

THE earliest foes of humanity were probably the great carnivora, the large pythons and poisonous snakes, the crocodiles of rivers and swamps, the rhinoceroses, more especially those of the two-horned, modern African type, and the angry rogue elephants and mastodons. No bird was ever a serious foe to our human ancestors. An eagle might occasionally carry off a squalling baby that had been left alone for a few minutes by its mother. The huge moas of New Zealand or the still larger crested apyornis of Madagascar—probably the largest bird that ever existed—may, like the modern ostrich, have occasionally killed one of their human assailants; but it is doubtful that they ever went out of their way to attack man.

The same might be said of the pythons and the poisonous snakes. The latter could make no possible use of man, and would not waste their poison secretion on him, unless in self-defense; and no authentic instance exists of a python in historical times having attacked a human being, large or small, for the purpose of swallowing him. Buffaloes, too, were, no doubt, content to live peacefully alongside mankind until mankind began to kill and carry off their calves.

Probably the great Merck's rhinoceros—an animal very similar to the white rhinoceros of Africa, if not identical with it—and the ancestral types of the so-called black rhinoceros were as spitefully aggressive during the million of years that we inadequately call "prehistoric" as they are at present. And then, as now, there were no doubt angry bull and cow elephants or mastodons, of easily

"MAN," says Sir Harry Johnston, "must have dreaded exceedingly the terrible sabretooth tigers with fangs nine inches long. Men banded themselves, long ago, to destroy these beasts."

Men are banding themselves together now in laboratories to wipe out the still more dangerous microscopic creatures—the microbes of cancer, diphtheria, typhoid fever and other diseases.

All this is right and fair. But what do you think of men who for purely selfish reasons exterminate



animals and birds that are harmless and even useful to us? This is why seals and walruses, mountain sheep, paradise birds, egrets and so many other beautiful birds are so rare today. Many governments have adopted laws to save them; but no laws avail unless steadily backed up by

public opinion. Keep the game laws yourself; and insist that your friends do the same.

Sir Harry Johnston is one of the most versatile men now living; he has won fame as explorer, scientist, administrator and novelist.

ruffled temper, which without provocation would attack some band of naked hunters.

It was one of the silliest and yet most persistent of errors in popular impressions that the man of prehistoric times should have been the prey of dinosaurs, plesiosaurs and dragons of the air. All these gigantic and fearsome developments of the reptile class

had become extinct long before man existed on this planet. So far as the geological and paleontological records go, the worst enemies of early man among reptiles were the great crocodiles of the *Crocodylus* and *Caiman* genera; the slender-muzzled gharials and the broad-snouted alligators are not aggressive toward humanity. The range of those crea-

tures was much greater in the early human period than it is today. In fact, at that time there may have been man-eating crocodiles still lingering in the Rhone, the Po, the Ebro, the Maritza and the Euphrates, just as the great caimans of equatorial America were perhaps once found in the southern rivers of the United States.

But unless man entered the water to swim or bathe or to catch fish, or unless he approached the river bank too incautiously, he was not likely to fall a prey to the crocodile. And so long as he kept to himself and subsisted mainly on a vegetable diet he aroused no aggressiveness on the part of the great herbivorous animals.

No doubt the earliest human beings had many a fierce fight for mastery with ancestors of the gorilla in northeast Africa and Syria, and perhaps in the forests of Mediterranean Europe. No other anthropoid ape known to us would have been strong enough to grapple with man.

Early in his development, however, man had learned not to rely only on the strength of his teeth and limbs, but to aid himself with external weapons such as clubs, stones and bamboo splinters.

Man had to wage his fiercest battle for existence with the sabretooth, the ancestral forms of the lion, tiger and jaguar-leopard, the enormous cave bear, the grizzly bear and the large cave hyena. At the time that mankind was consolidating into a single genus with the specific name of *sapiens*, the terrible sabretooths, which were members of the cat family, were no doubt dwindling in numbers. They differed chiefly from the an-



cestors of the modern cats in the peculiar form of their canine teeth, which were disproportionately long and much flattened, with a sawlike inner edge. These creatures were probably mighty blood-suckers and preyed on such animals as giraffes, tapirs, bovines, horses, deer and camels. Perhaps the reason the sabretooths died out was that they exterminated many races of big herbivorous animals and so lacked suitable prey for themselves as time went on.

Man must have dreaded exceedingly these terrible carnivora, which were larger than the lion, with mouths that opened eighteen inches wide, and with saw-edged fangs that were nine inches long.

The men who lived in communities no doubt banded themselves together to destroy the creatures by setting fire to their grassy lairs, stoning them in ravines, or catching them in pitfalls.

### Men vs. Lions, Tigers, Bears

An animal painter of great power, the late J. T. Nettlehip, drew many years ago a strange and haunting picture that he called "When Man First Met the Lion." It depicted a party of frightened, naked, Paleolithic human beings emerging from a ravine and facing an equally astonished crouching lion in its full panoply of mane. But, as a matter of actual fact, man and the lion, as well as the tiger, have probably grown up together.

The finest development of the cave lion seems to have taken place in southern Germany, where the beast grew to a size nearly twice as large as that of the modern lion. It must have been a terrible and persistent enemy of man, with the mighty cave bear, thrice the size of the modern brown bear, as a good second.

If the early tiger was no larger than the existing tiger of northern Persia, it could not have been a formidable foe of man. But in eastern Siberia the tiger grew at least to the splendid proportions of its existing Manchurian form.

Though perhaps the terrific cold of the great ice ages was instrumental in destroying the great cats that inhabited North America, only the jaguar survives in the forests of tropical America; it is more likely that the main agent in their destruction was man, their rival hunter. At the present day the tiger is rapidly becoming extinct in northern Persia and in Manchuria. In China it survives only in the extreme south, and its abundance in India and Malaysia has been enormously diminished during the last hundred years.

The lion, which in its full development may have reached England later than man did, was probably exterminated there fifty thousand years ago or more. In southern Germany it lingered in all probability down to the beginning of the Neolithic period, about ten thousand years ago.

There is good evidence in historical records to show that in Italy and Sicily the lion may have existed as late as about 1000 B.C. In Syria and Palestine it may have lingered till the coming of the Romans, and it still exists on sufferance—in Mesopotamia and southwest Persia. Until a hundred years ago the lion ranged over all of the Indian peninsula except the eastern and extreme southern parts; now, however, it is found, carefully preserved, only in a small district of western India—Kathiawar.

### Man's Biggest Victims

Huge buffaloes must have existed in Italy until the Paleolithic period. In North Africa the gigantic buffalo—*Bos antiquus*—developed horns of enormous dimensions. This species spread not only over northern and central Africa but over the extreme south, which is now Cape Colony. There, as in Mauretania,

it was coeval with man and was almost certainly extinguished by him.

Man also exterminated another splendid bovine animal—the mighty aurochs, which was twice as big as the largest bull that exists today, and which had great sweeping horns that measured four feet along the curve of each horn. From a small species of the

with sometimes a pair of very small tusks in the lower jaw. That monster certainly coexisted with man, even with man of the modern red Indian type, and was probably exterminated by the red Indians.

A few of the well-preserved skeletons that have been found in New Jersey and New York contained between the ribs, where the

edly fallen a prey to unrelenting man in his most primitive hunter stage. It was man of that remarkable type which preceded the Bushmen in South Africa—the Strandlooper, with his much bigger brain and cleverer arts—that destroyed a large horse bigger than the quagga. The quagga was a partly striped zebra that Briton and Boer destroyed completely during the first seventy years of the nineteenth century. Some kind of zebra once existed in North Africa; it also was probably destroyed by the early hunters.

### Why Horses Are Not Extinct

Its tamable qualities saved the true horse of various subspecies from extermination. The horse was domesticated perhaps as many as fifteen thousand years ago, but probably man did not use it as an animal to ride until long after he had used it as a beast of burden. When that remarkable Neolithic people, the ancestors of the Aryan white man, who dwelt in the formerly fertile regions of Turkestan, were dispersed by the increasing drought, they took northern types of domestic horses with them into Mediterranean Europe and Syria.

Other types of wild horse were domesticated in northern India and Persia, and from the union of three or four original wild types sprang our varied breeds of domestic horse at the present day.

The gigantic deer—the so-called Irish elk—could hold its own against the fierce wolves of Ireland at the close of the glacial periods, but it could not withstand the continual attacks of the human hunter, who at last exterminated it. One strange

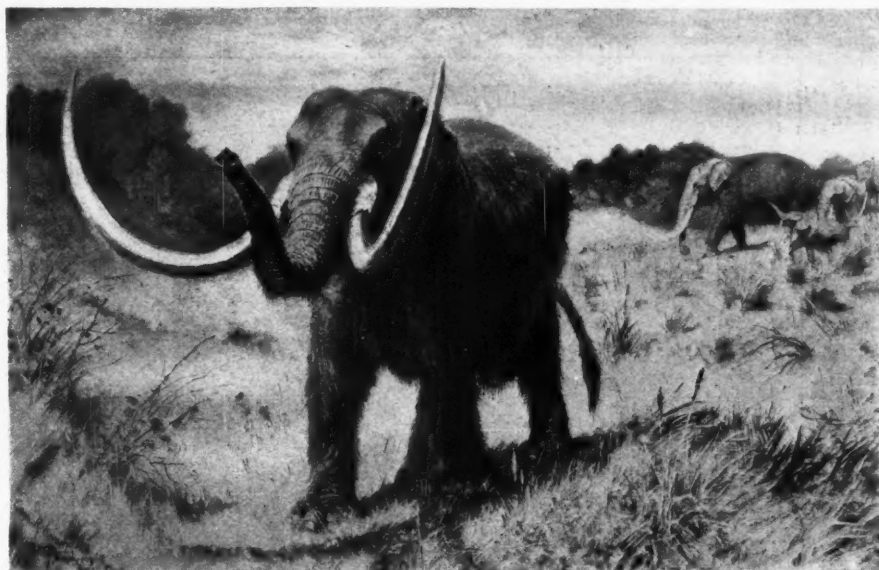
species of deer in easternmost Asia—the long-tailed Milon deer, *Elaphurus*—was nearly killed out by the Chinese people. In fact only a herd belonging to the emperor of China in the deer park near Peking preserved it for our knowledge. Within the last hundred years the deer on various Malay and West Pacific islands, the splendid stags of Kashmir, the reindeer and moose in North America and the fallow deer in western Asia and southern Europe have been steadily brought by man's attacks nearer and nearer to the vanishing point. If the attack is not direct, by actual killing,—as it is in most cases,—it is indirect, by enclosing their feeding grounds.

Fur-bearing foxes and martens, stoats and skunks, weasels and polecats are rapidly decreasing in numbers in Siberia and North America. Colobus monkeys with wonderful plumed skins suitable for women's muffs are being shot out in tropical Africa. The lynx, also sought for its valuable fur, is getting scarcer and scarcer in both Europe and America.

The reckless slaughter of fur-bearing sea lions and of seals valuable for their oil has been in a measure checked by the actions of the British, Russian and American governments; but several species of seal have been virtually exterminated during the past twenty years in British waters. The walrus, which once came as far south as Nova Scotia on the east American coast and as the estuary of the Thames in England, is now only to be found in the Arctic regions or the most inaccessible parts of Behring Sea.

In northeastern Siberia the sailors of a few trading ships completely wiped out the rhynia. Cruel sportsmen have nearly succeeded in exterminating several remarkable types of goats and sheep.

And at the present day Englishmen, Belgians, Dutchmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Americans and Japanese are vying with one another in the destruction of paradise birds, rollers, trogons, humming birds, manakins, fly-catchers, finches, weaver birds, glossy starlings, barbets, pigeons, egrets and pheasants. The governments of their respective nations look on in placid unconcern, ignorant of the loss that will come when the principal destroyers of insects and the only producers of guano are no more.



Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History

### THE GREAT AMERICAN MASTODON

Far larger, stronger and more savage than the modern African elephant, this monster was probably exterminated by the American Indians

aurochs somewhere in western Asia came the two main breeds of man's domestic cattle—the taurine and the zebuine. But the great aurochs himself was probably untamable, as was the gigantic European bison, *Bos priscus*,—which man also exterminated.

If the bison in North America had had only the Indians to contend with, it would probably have continued to exist there in huge numbers. But the arrival of the white man armed with firearms brought the bison's career so rapidly to a close that in about thirty years approximately three million animals were reduced to a few hundred. Only the awakening of scientific interest in the world's fauna saved the North American bison from complete extinction.

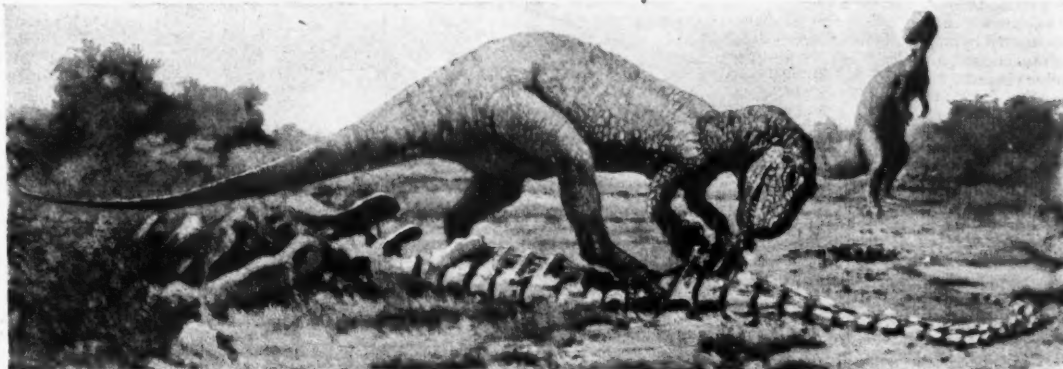
It has been the same story with the elephant. Man, and not the ice ages, exterminated the mammoth, killed out the Atlantic elephant in North America and exterminated the ordinary African elephant in that region. No doubt he drove them hither and thither, entrapped them in pitfalls or shot them with poisoned arrows.

Our knowledge of the American elephants has been greatly increased of late, and we now realize that the New World received from the Old, first, the tetrabelodon, or four-tusked mastodon, which developed into a two-tusked race in South America, high up in the Andes or down on the plains of Argentine, and next the huge mastodon (*M. americanum*), which had more spreading toes than those of modern elephants, and which carried very long, upward-curved tusks,

stomach had once been, boughs and twigs of various modern conifers, large leaves of odd forms and blades of strange grass of extreme length and considerable width. Some of these animals may have outlived even the true elephants in North America, three species of which had arrived there much later than the mastodon and within the human period. One of these was the great mammoth, *E. primigenius*, whose thick coat of hair probably enabled it, better than the others, to withstand the terrible cold of the ice ages. In the end it was doubtless killed off by the direct action of man.

Our European ancestors and their West-Asiatic relations probably wiped out the last of the woolly rhinoceroses,—a more northern form of *Rhinoceros Mercki*,—which, like the mammoth, had survived the ice ages. A certain amount of evidence shows that the woolly rhinoceros may have lingered in the forests of southern Germany until the beginning of the Neolithic period. Since then man has been busy erasing the one-horned rhinoceros in Java and India, the two-horned rhinoceros in Burma and Malaysia and the black and white rhinoceros in Africa. Less than two thousand years ago the black rhinoceros swarmed in great numbers in the southern oases of the Sahara Desert; and only seventy years ago the white rhinoceros was to be met with as a common animal over nearly all of South Africa, north of the Drakensberg Mountains.

There have been other little-known species of rhinoceros in Africa that have undoubt-



Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History

### AN ALLOSAURUS AND HIS MONSTER PREY

This carnivorous reptile often stood forty feet high. In this clever reconstruction he is shown devouring a huge brontosaurus. The brontosaurus was not a flesh-eater, and his comparative docility made him an easy victim for his smaller but infinitely more ferocious enemy. This picture is not all imagination. The skeletons of these two creatures were dug up in Wyoming, side by side. In the bones of the brontosaurus were many deep dents, into which the teeth of the allosaurus exactly fitted

# The Scratches on the Glass

## Chapter VI. Purple Rock

By GLADYS BLAKE

Illustrated by DOUGLAS RYAN

AT first the blaze was hardly visible as it ate its way along one of the old logs that projected from one corner of the building, but the imprisoned boys and girls did not deceive themselves into imagining that the little flame would flicker out.

Abandoning their vain efforts to break open the door, Frank and Gilbert hurried back into the loft, where the two girls were frantically trying to beat out the flame they had discovered. Frank took their place and attempted to extinguish it with his hat, but only succeeded in fanning it into quicker life. So he stopped at once and drew back. But he would not let his fear show in his face, and he begged Nancy, who was trembling violently, to keep cool.

"Don't you suppose we can squeeze through the windows?" asked Blanche. "If just one of us could get through and go for help!"

"One of you girls might," said Frank, "but there isn't the slightest chance that Gilbert or I could. These openings aren't windows; they are just old loopholes."

It was decided that Nancy, as the younger and slimmer, should make the attempt. And, because the openings in the lower room were even smaller than those above, they all agreed that she would have to get out at the top and climb down. But the height was not great, and a fall would be better than burning to death.

Try as they would, however, they could not get Nancy through the loophole. She tried going through head first and then feet first. For her own sake as well as theirs her companions tried to force her out, but in spite of all their exertions she stuck midway. Frank and Gilbert dragged her back, and all effort to get through the loopholes was abandoned.

"Help! Help! Help!" they all shouted from the windows, but they could attract no notice in the town. It looked as if Dink's little joke of locking the white boys and girls in the old watchtower were going to end in tragedy, as practical jokes often do.

"If there is anything worse than being locked in a burning building I don't know what it is," said Blanche, who was very pale but forced herself to be calm.

"We'll get out all right," declared Gilbert. "The people may not hear us shouting, but they'll see the tower burning."

"What if they do?" Nancy cried. "They won't know anyone is in here, and with one fire on their hands already they won't pay any attention to an old log tower on the mountain. That fire down there is endangering the town, but this one doesn't seem to them worth noticing. There's only one engine in town anyway!"

The logic was too sound to be disputed. The old log tower was no longer of any use to anyone, and who would care to save it?

A faint blue haze began to fill the interior of the tower, and the young prisoners coughed and felt their eyes smart. Now a slight crackling could be heard as the fire made headway among the dry logs. The sound was so startling that again they strained their voices in an attempt to make themselves heard in the town.

"Help! We're burning up! Help, help!" shouted both the boys through their cupped hands.

"We are locked in the old tower!" screamed the girls. "Somebody come up here! Help, help!"

BUT the people far below went on about their own fire, and did not look towards the tower. They had quite enough to excite and concern them as it was.

"We must fight for our own lives; nobody is going to help us," declared Gilbert. "Come on, Frank, and let's try to open that door again. It's the only chance I see."

They all climbed down from the loft and once more the boys strained with all their might to force the lock. This time the girls helped, but it did no good. The lock was new and strong, and it held firmly.

"If we only had a battering-ram," said



Then all four of them took hold of the ladder and drove it with all their force against the door

Frank, looking wildly round the room through the haze of smoke.

"How about the ladder that leads to the loft?" suggested Gilbert. "If we can loose it, it might do."

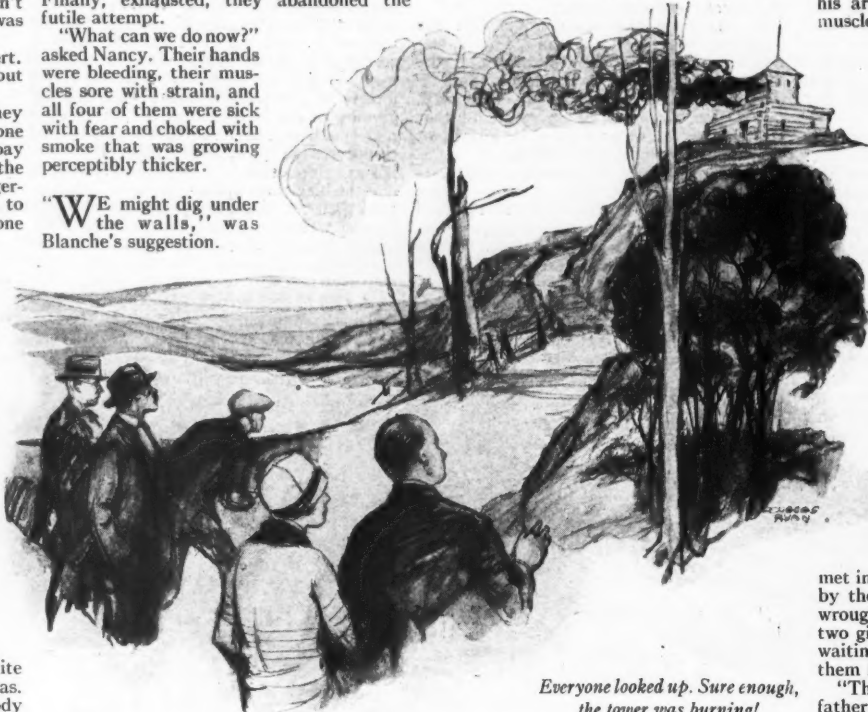
The ladder was nailed in place, but the nails were old, the wood was brittle, and the boys were desperate. Tearing at it with a strength they did not know they possessed, they dragged it down. Then all four of them took hold of it and drove it with all their force against the door.

The shock of the contact jarred every bone in their bodies, but had no effect on the heavy boards that barred the exit. Again and again they tried it, but in vain. Finally, exhausted, they abandoned the futile attempt.

"What can we do now?"

asked Nancy. Their hands were bleeding, their muscles sore with strain, and all four of them were sick with fear and choked with smoke that was growing perceptibly thicker.

"WE might dig under the walls," was Blanche's suggestion.



Everyone looked up. Sure enough, the tower was burning!

"Yes, let's try that," said her brother. "Come over in this corner where the smoke isn't so heavy. Have you got a pocket-knife, Gilbert? You girls can use those sharp sticks, and we'll use our knives."

No beavers ever dug harder, but the earth was dry and rocky, and with such

rude implements they progressed slowly. And, though they went down many inches, they could find no place where the wall began. The tower was indeed sturdily built.

The last hope vanished. The four of them became half frenzied with despair, kicking the door and screaming. And now the flames were eating their way between the logs and the air had become almost too heavy to breathe.

Down in the town the people gathered in the streets had eyes for nothing but their own fire, and even after it seemed to be extinguished they lingered round the black ruin in the fear that it might break out again. The firemen lingered too and con-

EVERYONE looked up. Sure enough, the tower was burning! It had seemed the one permanent thing in a changing world!

"Oh, well, it can't be helped," said a man whose grocery store was near the place where the first fire had broken out. "It wouldn't do to abandon these ashes yet, and that old thing is of no use to anybody."

The grocery man had only recently moved to Monkshood. He didn't know the history of the old tower and how it was entwined in the hearts of the people. To be sure, it was of no use to anybody now, but when a man shouted, "Come on! Let's save the tower!" the shout was instantly taken up by others. In vain did the grocery man scoff at the foolishness. The firemen saw a new duty calling them, and the whole population followed after. Of one accord they all went rushing to save the precious relic.

The horses that pulled the fire engine had never made quicker time. The turf flew beneath their hoofs on the mountain road. Up they went, and up and up, the shouting crowd close behind. They reached the building before the fire had made much headway, though the smoke was thick and black. The men formed a bucket brigade from the river to help supply water. A fireman planted a ladder against the side of the tower and ran up to douse the walls. Cries from inside were heard. A fireman smashed the lock of the door.

To the boys and girls imprisoned in the log structure a rescue had appeared impossible. Hope had died within them. Death in one of its most horrible forms stared them in the face. There were chinks in the walls here and there against which they had pressed their faces for air when the smoke seemed about to strangle them, but the heat had been increasing rapidly, and they felt that they were staving off strangulation only to be burned alive. Both the girls were hysterical; Frank kicked at the walls, but Gilbert had become curiously stolid. Had the others been in a state of mind to notice him they would have seen him change before their eyes into a character entirely different from that which they knew. After displaying frantic excitement and beating the walls as violently as Frank was doing, he seemed suddenly to give up hope and to become passive. With his arms folded on his breast and not a muscle quivering, he faced burning with apparent indifference. The very form of his features seemed to change with his expression. But not one of the young Morgans noticed it. They were facing death themselves, and they were not concerned with their companion's attitude.

AND then upon the heavy atmosphere a rush of fresh air! Into the smoke-filled room a gleam of summer sunlight! Shouting voices without and the figure of a gasping, astonished man in a fireman's hat bending over them! He called loudly, and other people came plunging into the tower in answer. Then strong arms lifted the two girls and supported the boys' stumbling steps, and they found themselves out in the fresh, sweet air again, dazed but safe.

When Major and Mrs. Morgan returned from their motor trip in the middle of the afternoon and learned what danger their children and Gilbert had been through while they were gone, their horror may be imagined. Everyone they met in Monkshood told them about it, and by the time they reached home they were wrought up with anxiety. The sight of the two girls and the two boys unharmed and waiting for them in the dooryard brought them immense relief.

"This morning, dad," said Blanche as her father held her close to him and then held her off to make sure that she was really safe and unhurt, "you were ridiculing sentiment—remember? Don't ever let me hear you do it again, for if it hadn't been for a town's sentiment in regard to an ancient landmark you wouldn't have any children tonight. Isn't it lucky, Major Morgan, that everybody doesn't hold the same opinion you do about heirlooms and ancestral junk?"

tinued to play a stream of water on the hot ashes. Then a woman called attention to the old watchtower.

"See yonder!" she cried. "The old slave-market is on fire."

The tower was easily visible from where the firemen were working in the village.



She spoke playfully, but her father shuddered. "Don't talk about it!" he said.

LATE that afternoon Nancy called a meeting of the treasure-seekers. Quiet having at last succeeded the day's excitement, she informed her brother and sister and Gilbert that she had something to tell them in secret. "I want you to go back to the tower with me," she said. "We can get there and return before supper is ready."

"Did you lose your watch or a ring or something?" asked Blanche, who knew that

her sister would hardly wish to revisit the tower just yet without a good reason.

"No, I didn't lose anything—I found something," explained Nancy. "I found something that I think will prove of interest to all of you, but as I hardly noticed it at the time I want you to go with me to examine it before some souvenir-hunter has carried it off."

SHE would tell them no more than that; they all accompanied her up the mountain side to the old tower. No one else was there. The curious crowds that had hung

about it during the earlier part of the afternoon were gone. The girls and boys were alone in the dusk in the place where they had so nearly lost their lives.

"Just a minute!" said Nancy to her companions, and she ran inside the building. When she came back she was carrying an arrowhead.

"I found this when we were trying to dig our way out," she explained. "Do you notice anything peculiar about it?"

"It's just an old arrowhead," said Frank in disappointment. "I suspect dozens are dug up round here every year."

"But it's tipped with stone," Nancy pointed out, "and that little stone tip is purple! Purple rock!"

That did excite them! Of course the tiny purple stone was of no value to them in itself, but it went to show that rock of that color must be somewhere in the vicinity. And, as Nancy admitted, it exploded the theory that there might be a Chief Purple Rock buried in the Indian graveyard.

"We'll begin our search again tomorrow," said Frank. "We must find that purple rock!"

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

## Big S and Little S

By ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER

Illustrated by DOUGLAS DUER

WITHIN a week of the opening of the fall term, Mr. Copeland, the new teacher of Latin, had become the most unpopular of all the masters in St. Timothy's School. He had come to St. Timothy's from an academy in a distant state where he had taught for years, and in a sense he had come unwillingly. His heart had been bound up in the work of the academy; he had looked forward to being chosen principal of the school sometime. But the old principal to whom he had been devoted had suddenly died, and the member of the faculty with whom Mr. Copeland had been always at odds had been elected to succeed him. The resignation that the disappointed teacher had then presented had been promptly accepted, and Mr. Copeland, with a wife and two children to support and no great amount of money laid by, was left to look for a job.

He should no doubt have esteemed himself fortunate to be offered, without delay, a place on the teaching staff of St. Timothy's. But the bitterness of his disappointment was keener than the sense of his good fortune. The academy was a school for boys whose parents were in moderate circumstances; his boy had been on equal terms with the other boys there, in such matters as clothes, spending money and home background. The spirit of the school was studious; outside interests were few; athletics were confined to football and baseball. Mr. Copeland used to say with pride that there was no better school in the country for the plain, everyday American boy.

St. Timothy's was a school, he felt, of another type, and even before he had seen it, although after he had engaged to teach there for a year, he contrasted it unfavorably with the academy. A school for rich men's sons would not, he was sure, be the most healthful environment for his boy, yet he could not refuse to avail himself of the rector's generosity. "Of course we must have your boy in the school," the rector had said. "There will be no charge for his tuition."

YOUNG George Copeland had been thrilled with delight when he first saw the broad acres, the handsome buildings and the well-kept playing fields of St. Timothy's. Everything was on a grander scale than at the academy. Even the surrounding country seemed richer, more varied, more interesting.

And Mrs. Copeland was well contented with the snug house that had been assigned to her husband and with the appearance of the small community of which she and her family were now to be a part. Indeed, it might have seemed at the opening of the school year that the Copelands were better off than they had been before.

Unfortunately, on the first day of school Mr. Copeland received a bit of information and advice to which he was too ready to give heed. One of the other masters in talking with him said: "The fellows here always expect to find a new master an easy mark. Don't let them put things over on you. Treat 'em rough in the beginning, and you'll have an easier time in the end."

With such a conception in his head, it was truly unfortunate that a class in which Dick Webster was a ruling spirit should have been immediately assigned to his charge. For Dick Webster did personify only too

completely the type that Mr. Copeland had in mind.

On the second day in the Latin class Mr. Copeland called on Webster to recite. He had not yet had an unpleasant encounter with any boy; he had in fact been rather agreeably surprised by the appearance and manner of most of the boys; and he was beginning to relax a little in his own austere

his seat, murmuring words of abuse and indignation—words which did not reach Mr. Copeland's ears, but which did reach his son's.

"Copeland!" called the master. "Translate."

GEORGE COPELAND, blushing as if it were he who was in disgrace, stood up just behind Webster and read the passage in a shaky voice—rendering it correctly enough. The severity, however, did not disappear from his father's countenance; through the remainder of the hour his manner was abrupt and his eyes roved suspiciously. When the class was dismissed, Webster, gathering up his books, began to mumble vituperative words about the master; the fellow who sat next to him, Jim Trumbull, gripped his arm warningly.



He gained a little on the sprint, but Webster and Hutchinson overtook him at the second hurdle.

manner. He had smiled in correcting a rather absurd mistranslation that Tom Windham had made, and the smile was still lingering on his lips when he said, "Webster, please translate." Then he looked out on the class with interest, to see who Webster might be. He had not yet learned to know his pupils one from another.

Dick Webster rose lazily from his seat next to the wall and even more lazily lounged and leaned against the wall. His left hand was in his trousers pocket; his right hand held the book so carelessly that the page flapped over. With an audible sigh, he drew his left hand out of his pocket and languidly and, as if the effort were almost too much for him, began to fumble at the leaves.

The smile faded from Mr. Copeland's face. His eyes flashed. He shot a succession of commands in the tone and voice of an angry drill sergeant.

"Stand up! Don't slouch! Move away from that wall! Face me! Now sit down!"

And then, without having permitted Webster to attempt to translate, he marked him zero for the lesson. The class sat awed—

"What's the matter?" Webster asked. "It's all true that I'm saying."

"That new kid Copeland that sits behind you is old Copeland's son," Trumbull whispered. "I bet he heard what you said."

"I hope he did. I hope he'll tell the old skunk—and I don't doubt that he will."

Webster found it worth while to go up to the master's desk and try to obtain what he regarded as justice. He assumed a deeply injured attitude and said: "Mr. Copeland, I think you owe me an apology."

"I certainly don't."

"I don't see that I did anything to justify your treating me as you did."

"Don't try to start an argument about it. Your whole manner was not merely lacking in proper respect, it was insolent. There's nothing more to be said."

"It was perfectly unjust to make me sit down when I knew the lesson."

"I'm the judge; it was not unjust."

Mr. Copeland walked out of the room abruptly. Webster muttered something under his breath.

WEBSTER was now thoroughly aroused against the new master. He spent a considerable part of the day amusing his friends by the exercise of his power of picturesque denunciation. He glared provocatively at George Copeland when they met, and George reddened and looked away.

The next morning in chapel during prayers Webster began to whisper a funny story to Jim Trumbull, who sat next to him. Usually Webster thought of funny stories at inopportune times, and whenever he thought of them he felt compelled at once to communicate them. He was about halfway through this story when he became aware that the new master, sitting against the opposite wall of the chapel, was regarding him with attentive and disapproving eyes. Webster completed the story, Trumbull smiled discreetly behind his hand, and Mr. Copeland continued to gaze without altering his expression. An hour later before the assembled school the reports of misconduct were read out by one of the masters. One of the items in the list was, "Webster, disorderly conduct in chapel."

Webster scowled. An hour of his free playtime taken from him because he had chosen to tell a funny story. He hadn't disturbed anybody in chapel. Nobody but a skunk—he repeated with great vehemence the word that he had already applied to Mr. Copeland,—nobody but a skunk would soak a fellow for that.

"Probably the kid, his son, overheard some of the nice things you were saying about his dad and reported them to him," said Jim Trumbull.

"I don't doubt it. Just what you'd expect a skunk's kid to do. Nice thing to have a tattle-tale trailing us always. Copeland and his kid will just about spoil the year for me."

"Well, you'll have to take pains not to give offense," said Jim.

"Take pains not to give offense!" Webster cried indignantly. "I glory in giving offense!"

Trumbull laughed. "Then I guess you're going to have a glorious year."

Webster lost no opportunity to prejudice his friends against the Copelands, father and son. "Big S" and "Little S" he called them, and the names amused the fellows. He used to address George Copeland always as Little S, and he frequently in his presence commented on Big S and what rotten hard lessons he gave and what a blight he had cast over the school by coming to it. When such remarks were made in George Copeland's hearing he flushed and his lips tightened, but he made no reply. Webster felt that he was a fellow of little spirit. The first time that he had addressed George as Little S, George had said to him, "Little S? What does that mean?"

Webster had laughed tauntingly and had said, "You're just as well off not knowing."

"Who's Big S?" asked George, his eyes narrowing.

"Who do you suppose? It's all in the family."

"What does S stand for?" George insisted.

"It might stand for a lot of things. Slob, Scut, Skunk, Sneak—there are lots of nice words that begin with S."

GEORGE, flushed and angry, looked uncertain as to what he ought to do. Webster, taller, heavier, stronger, laughed scornfully and walked on. Jim Trumbull, who was with him, protested.

"That was pretty rough on the new kid, Dick."



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"He'll pay me back," Webster answered. "He'll run and tell his dad, and Big S will soon find some chance to soak me."

Indeed, it happened that the next day Mr. Copeland had his chance and availed himself of it. Webster had not studied the lesson; Mr. Copeland, besides marking him zero, reported him for neglect of work and caused him thereby to lose another hour out of his playtime. Webster was almost triumphant over it in talking with his friends. "What did I tell you?" he said. "I knew Little S would tell; I knew Big S would soak me to the limit after what I said to Little S."

"Just the same you shouldn't let him have the opportunity," said Trumbull. "If you'd study, you'd give him no excuse to soak you."

Webster did not agree with this idea, and indeed Trumbull was more fair-minded than most of his classmates. They accepted quite readily Webster's conviction that Mr. Copeland was never so happy as when he was detecting some lapse either in conduct or in studiousness.

George Copeland could not remain unaware of his father's unpopularity. It made him unhappy. He resented deeply Webster's attitude, and he was determined somehow, sometime, to pay Webster back for it. He soon came to know that Webster was a crack football player and probably the best hurdler in the school. George thereupon went out for football, nursing the desperate hope that he might clash with Webster on the field and get the better of him. But, though George was wiry of frame and a speedy runner, he was too light to achieve a place on the first Corinthian eleven; it was doubly bitter to him to see Webster the chief agent in the Pythians' victory.

With all his partisanship George could not but feel that his father was somewhat to blame for the antagonism that he had aroused. One day he went into the room where Mr. Copeland was correcting exercises and stood until his father looked up.

"What is it, George?"

"I've been wondering why you treat the fellows here a little differently from the way you treated the fellows at the academy."

"In what way do I treat them differently?"

"You seem more stern and severe all the time—not so genial. I sort of wish they could feel about you the way the academy fellows used to."

Mr. Copeland was touched by the wistfulness in his son's voice.

"You like the fellows here, do you?" he asked.

"Yes. They're a mighty good crowd. Of course there are some I don't care for, but you'd expect that anywhere."

"Well," said Mr. Copeland, turning back to his desk, "I'll think over what you've said, George."

He had indeed been gradually and somewhat unconsciously revising his preconceived ideas of the school. Even before George had talked with him he had begun to feel that he had been too harsh in his methods, too prone to condemn all the boys because of the traits and the faults of a few.

THERE was no change in his manner over night, but he seemed to thaw out by degrees. From maintaining an atmosphere of severity in the classroom he indulged more and more often a frosty humor that was not unkindly, and that had the effect of relaxing the tension, which had been high. He was an admirable teacher, as the boys came to realize. And gradually the term "Big S," by which he was generally known, ceased for most of them to indicate animosity; their utterance of it, instead of being vindictive, was tolerant, sometimes even kindly and affectionate.

But Dick Webster did not change. To him Mr. Copeland's attempts at humor were painful, his smile was hyena-like, his personality was repulsive. Frequently disciplined though Webster was for continuous misbehavior in the class, he maintained his indifferent, scornful air. And outside the class he continued to make biting remarks about Big S and to show disdain for Little S.

George Copeland spent much of his spare time during the winter months practicing high jumping and sprinting in the gymnasium. When the spring came and the candidates for the track team started in on outdoor work, none of them was in better condition than George. Light, wiry, and with a long stride, he was picked out at once by Mr. Davis, the Corinthian coach, as a most likely specimen.

"What is it you're out for?" Mr. Davis asked. "Two-twenty or quarter mile?"

"The hurdles," George answered.

Mr. Davis demurred at such a choice. "I think you'd really do better at a longer distance. And I'm afraid you'd be simply thrown away in the hurdles. You know Webster outclasses everyone else in that."

But George was firm. The hundred-and-twenty-yard hurdles it must be; that was the thing that interested him and that he felt he could do best in. And as the days passed and George began to show improvement in the technique of taking the hurdles, at which at first he had been a little clumsy, Mr. Davis thought that perhaps he had not made such a bad choice. He might perhaps improve sufficiently to beat Ted Jackson and run second to Dick Webster in the inter-club meet.

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Alex Wiener

BUT it wasn't Ted Jackson that George was interested in beating. He knew that Webster had done the hurdles in seventeen and two-fifths seconds; and it was that record that he was aiming at. He was secretive about his ambition; whenever Mr. Davis timed him with his stop-watch he held something in reserve. He was still holding something in reserve one day when Mr. Davis told him with some excitement that he had just "broken" eighteen seconds. "If you can push yourself a little harder, you'll give Webster a race," Mr. Davis said. "I'll push myself all right," George answered.

Then, two days before the meet, misfortune befell him. Taking the hurdles lazily to stretch his muscles, not even sprinting, he caught his spikes on the bar of one and fell hard on the cinder track. The lacerations of his right leg that resulted were bad enough, but the wrenched ankle was worse. It was not possible for George to take part in the inter-club meet; he sat gloomily in the spectators' stand and saw Webster, running without effort, win the hurdles in seventeen and a half seconds, leading Ted Jackson at the finish by three yards.

"We've simply got to get you round again in time for the meet with St. John's," Mr. Davis said to George consolingly. "Don't you think the ankle will be all right in another week?"

"It's got to be all right," George compressed his lips firmly as if holding them tight together might have a beneficial effect upon the ankle.

But the improvement was slow, and the day of the meet with St. John's drew nearer and nearer. Two days before it George, with his ankle well bandaged, appeared on the track in running clothes and did some limbering up—quite carefully; he did not attempt any hurdling or sprinting. After the exercise the ankle felt none the worse, and his spirits rose.

The next day George practiced sprinting for a while; he was conscious then of some weakness in the ankle. But it was necessary that he should have a little hurdling practice before entering the race; so, without trying for speed, watching his stride carefully, and leaping very gingerly, he went over the course twice. He was satisfied then that his ankle would hold out.

In the hurdles the next day St. John's had five entries, and St. Timothy's three. It was necessary therefore to run two preliminary heats, with four starters in each. This event was set for the middle of the afternoon. Webster and Ted Jackson were drawn to

run in the first heat against two St. John's hurdlers; George Copeland stood alone for St. Timothy's against three St. John's fellows—including their best runner, Hutchinson—in the second heat. Those who won first and second places in the two heats would run in the finals, which was to be the last event of the meet.

THE standing of the two schools was about even when the first heat of the hurdles was called. Webster, as was expected, came in first without being hard pressed. Ted Jackson and the two St. John's runners, Whitney and Crane, had a desperate battle for second place. Whitney, in the final sprint for the tape, drew away from the others and by a few feet won his place with Webster in the finals.

The four contestants in the second heat stood at the starting line. George's heart was pounding; he was quivering with nervousness. Hutchinson, who was on his right, was a sinewy, rangy fellow, who gave a formidable impression of both power and speed. Sherman and Fiske, who lined up on the other side of George, were runners of a more stocky type. By contrast with the three, George looked light and willowy.

But he was the quickest of all at the start and held a lead for the first two hurdles. Then Hutchinson came up on the right and passed him. George ran smoothly, keeping well ahead of the two runners on his left. Halfway down the course they spurred and drew up almost abreast of him. He spurred then also. Fiske clung to him, Sherman dropped behind. Then George threw off all caution and restraint; he ran, holding nothing in reserve. And St. Timothy's, seeing him come, urged him on, shouting, "Copeland! Copeland! Copeland!" In a moment he had left Fiske at his heels; and when he had leaped over the last hurdle he came running down the last stretch, not at full speed now, for that was unnecessary. He was three yards behind Hutchinson, but the same distance ahead of Fiske; and St. Timothy's and St. John's were each to have two contestants in the finals.

Mr. Copeland flung a bathrobe round George and walked with him to the athletic house, asking anxious and excited questions. George had never seen his father so stirred by any athletic event, but then, he had never before taken part in such an important athletic event. He reassured him; the ankle was all right; it hadn't bothered him a bit. His wind too; maybe the "lay-off" had been a good thing for him. "That's the boy; that's the way to feel." Mr. Copeland patted his son enthusiastically, affectionately. Dick Webster, sitting in his wrapper on the steps of the athletic house with his friend Jim Trumbull, nudged Jim and with a smile called his attention to the master's demonstration. To George, Webster's action and smile seemed supercilious, patronizing, cynical—odiously characteristic.

As George and his father ascended the steps, Trumbull called "Good boy, George," and Webster looked up at the father and son with his quizzical smile. George smiled at Trumbull and ignored Webster.

In the locker room he allowed his father to massage his legs. Indeed, Mr. Copeland felt that it was a privilege. Mr. Davis came in and congratulated George upon his trainer, then passed hurriedly on in search of one of the contestants in the next event.

Outside after a few moments St. John's were cheering.

"I'm all right now," George said. "I've got to know what's going on."

The progress of events was not, from a St. Timothy's point of view, satisfactory. And when at last there remained but one event, the final of the hundred-and-twenty-yard hurdles, St. John's had 52 points and St. Timothy's 47. As first place in each event counted 5 points, second place 3, and third 1, St. Timothy's in order to win the meet would have to win both first and second places in the last race.

THERE was a restless silence while the two St. Timothy's and the two St. John's boys walked in their wrappers across the green oval to the starting point. George chose to walk behind Webster instead of with him, but as they approached the line Webster turned and waited for George to come up to him. Webster threw off his wrapper and pranced up and down, getting as much knee action as he could. George and the two St. John's fellows did the same. Webster came close to George and said, "Now, Little S, you want to run as if you were running to tell dad."

George looked at Webster, and anger that



snept away all his nervousness flashed from his eyes. "I'm going to run as if I were running against you," he said hotly; and Webster smiled.

The four lined up for the start; at the pistol George was quickest away, but at the first hurdle he and Webster and Hutchinson were all in air together. He gained a little on the sprint, but Webster and Hutchinson overtook him at the second hurdle. The three had already left Whitney, the second St. John's runner, behind. Now George flung himself into the race with a wild passion. The lane marked out for him glimmered ahead; he kept his eyes on it, on the hurdles barring his path, but his heart and mind and strength were all devoted to his team mate Webster—to beating him—beating him as he had never been beaten before. The cinders crunched and slid beneath the feet of the runners; the ground thudded under them when they alighted from leaping over the hurdles; they came on neck and neck, running and leaping rhythmically, not one of them glancing to right or left, while the crowd at the finish line shouted and yelled in a confusion of appeal: "Hutchinson! Hutchinson! Hutchinson!" "Webster! Webster! Webster!" "Copeland! Copeland! Copeland!"

Neck and neck they came till there were only two hurdles before them, and then the final stretch for the sprint. The middle one of the three, George Copeland, cleared the first hurdle and alighted while the other two runners were still in air. He held his lead over the next and last hurdle, with Webster scarcely a foot behind him and Hutchinson pressing Webster just as close. And in that order, and with less than a yard separating the third man from the first, they

crossed the line. St. Timothy's had won the meet, by a score of 55 to 53, and George Copeland, happier than he had ever been before, had fallen gasping into his father's arms.

NEVER did victory taste sweeter to anyone than to George Copeland during the next half-hour.

Then, when he was dressed, Webster, dressed also, stood before him.

"Out of the way, fellows!" Webster said to the others. "Give me a chance at my running mate." And he grasped George by the arm and led him out of the door.

"George Copeland," he said, still holding his arm, "you're the best fighter I've ever been up against; and I take back everything I've ever thought or said about you. I ran the best race I've ever run, but it wasn't good enough."

"Thanks," said George. He was too much astonished to say more. Webster continued to keep a grip on his arm.

"Little S, Little Speedster!" said Webster. "I deserve some credit for your win. I wanted to make you so mad you'd run like fury and come in second—and I just beat myself!"

"Was that why you said it?" George asked.

Webster nodded. "You know how it is when you like sometimes to hear yourself talk. And when I saw your father so excited over you and sort of nursing you this afternoon—you know, I thought it was awfully nice. I never supposed he was that sort before."

George's face glowed as he seized Webster's hand.

"I never supposed you were that sort before," he said.

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Tuesday	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Wednesday	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Thursday	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Friday	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Saturday	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
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# LIFEBUOY

HEALTH SOAP

## THIS BU WORLD

### Unseating a Senator

Mr. Smith W. Brookhart, who has occupied a seat in the Senate since last December as Senator from Iowa, is no longer a member of that honorable body. Mr. Daniel F. Steck now sits in the chair that was lately his. The contest grew out of the election of 1924, which was uncomfortably close in Iowa, so far as the senatorship was concerned. Mr. Brookhart, who was a La Follette sympathizer, got the Republican nomination in the state primary, but thousands of "regular" Republicans preferred to vote for his Democratic opponent, Mr. Steck. There is apparently no doubt that a slight majority of the voters wanted Mr. Steck elected,—so at least the Senate Committee on Elections concluded,—but a number of ballots that were irregularly marked were disputed. The Iowa election commissioners threw them out and certified the election of Mr. Brookhart. The Senate by a majority of four decided that they should have been counted and seated Mr. Steck. The vote was curiously non-partisan; Republicans and Democrats were found on both sides of the division. Mr. Brookhart, as a "Progressive" Republican, is expected to contest the Republican nomination for the other senatorship from Iowa with the veteran Senator Cummins.

### The Airmen in the Arctic

Wide interest is being taken in the various expeditions that are preparing to explore the unknown polar ice by air this spring. Captain Wilkins was first in the field. In spite of a series of accidents to his planes and disappointments in the transport of supplies to Cape Barrow, he had got his base well established and had made one or two trial trips by airplane into the ice fields before April 15. He hoped to get under way on his real flight before the end of the month. Our readers may have read of his success or failure before this issue of The Companion reaches them. Captain Amundsen's big dirigible Norge was on its way to Spitzbergen at last accounts, and Commander Byrd was already on that island preparing for his air voyage to the pole.

### Debating Prohibition

The indications multiply that the Volstead Act is to become one of the major issues in our politics this fall and again in 1928. The

movement in favor of its modification or even repeal was strong enough to lead the Senate Committee on the Judiciary to hold a three-weeks session at Washington, where representatives of the "wets" presented the case for modification and the "drys" advanced arguments for a more stringent enforcement of the law. The first party based their case largely on the testimony of District Attorney Buckner of New York, who testified that it would take \$75,000,000 to enforce the law in New York State alone, and of representatives of labor organizations. The "drys" presented arguments from all sorts of persons and organizations, to prove the value of the prohibitory law and the possibility of its enforcement, if the task were more seriously undertaken. No one expects this Congress to do everything to weaken the law, but a good many contests next November will turn on the attitude of the candidates toward prohibition.

### Mussolini on the Top Wave

A demented English woman discharged her pistol at Mussolini, with an aim good enough to hit the Premier's nose but not good enough to do him any serious injury. The usual result followed. The popularity of Mussolini was increased, the enthusiasm of his party was doubled, and he set off on his tour of the Italian possessions in Africa in a blaze of glory. He was received there with much magnificence and took occasion to deliver more speeches about the imperial future of Italy. Never was Il Duce so strong with the nation as he is today.

### Studying the Philippine Question

The dissension between Governor-General Wood and the party in the Philippine legislature that demands immediate independence for the islands is so acute that President Coolidge has appointed a special commissioner, Col. Carmi A. Thompson of Ohio, to make a thorough survey of the economic and the political conditions in the archipelago and to report to the White House thereon. There are possibilities of serious trouble in the Philippines, for the nationalist party there is strong and apparently growing stronger, whereas the sentiment in this country in favor of retiring from the islands does not seem to be strong enough to persuade Congress to take such a step within any reasonable time.

# FACT AND COMMENT

**W**HEN A BOY SAYS, "There's nothing ahead of me in this office," there's usually something behind him—and pretty close, too.

HERE'S ANOTHER MAN who thinks there is something in a name after all. A Mr. Death found his success as a solicitor for life insurance so much hampered by his inappropriate surname that he got the court to change it to Deeth. Not a radical change—but he hopes 'twill serve.

EVERYDAY HEROISM, displayed by ordinary men in the simple performance of their daily tasks, is one of the most convincing testimonials to the innate grandeur of humanity. An old flagman in the service of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, stricken with death as he was running back to flag a following train, nevertheless planted his torpedoes before he fell between the tracks. A New York pilot, with arm and shoulder broken in a collision, signaled full-speed ahead and brought his tug to shore just as she sank in shallow water. All he said when he was hurt was, "Tell the engineer to stick."

"LOOK AND LET ALONE, that others may look, too," is a good motto for all the year, but an especially good one at this season, when settled roads and the beauties of reawakened nature tempt the automobilist and the camper to despoil the roadsides of the wildflowers. There are blossoms—the violet, the hepatica, the anemone, the wood lily, the false Solomon's seal and our best-known native orchid, the beautiful lady's-slipper, or moccasin flower—which can be gathered without harm if nothing but the flower stalks be taken; but the blossoms of the flowering shrubs, such as the dogwood, the shadbush and the laurel, cannot be taken with impunity.

## IL DUCE

**W**HAT a curious character is Benito Mussolini! Thanks to the motion picture, we who have never seen him in the flesh have almost as exact a knowledge of his look and bearing as the Fascist legions who thrill under his gaze and take fire under his eloquence! Most of The Youth's Companion readers must have seen him again and again in the weekly "news reel," reviewing his troops, haranguing his fellow citizens, receiving the plaudits of the crowd. A strangely theatrical figure he appears, posing in attitudes of haughty, self-conscious importance, his eyes cast downward, but not in modesty, his mouth curled into an expression of half-scornful superiority, his form drawn up in proud, defiant self-assertion. They say he fancies himself another Julius Caesar in form and feature. We cannot see that he much resembles the likenesses of the great Julius that are now extant; but he acts the part of a dictator with tireless enthusiasm. To our colder northern taste he overacts it. We cannot help suspecting that there cannot be very much substance behind so much posing. Yet there has been something of the actor in many great men; and Mussolini not only succeeds in convincing his millions of followers that he is a great man but actually performs the functions of a dictator with extraordinary competence.

In action Il Duce is as fiery as in repose he is statuesque. When he addresses the people, he speaks not with his voice alone but with his whole body. No feature, no limb, no muscle in his entire frame, is at rest. He gestures, grimaces, moves about, with the abandon of the true Latin orator. We can imagine what a tide of volcanic speech must come pouring out of those eager lips, to be beaten into the minds of his hearers by those gesticulating arms. He plays the popular demagogue with as much unctious as he plays the haughty ruler of Rome.

There is so much of the stage hero about this remarkable Italian that we in America can with difficulty be persuaded to take him with entire seriousness. But we had better begin to do so, for in his own great nation no one takes him for a joke. He has imposed himself deeply on the imagination of Italy, and those who have escaped his spell hate him as vigorously as his own Fascist party

adores him. When he challenges the German people on the land by declaring that Germany and Austria must never be permitted to unite, he is not uttering pleasantries. When he challenges Great Britain on the sea by declaring that Italy's future is on the ocean and that its destiny is to rule the Mediterranean, he means exactly what he says. When he tells his cheering admirers that Italy must have its empire in northern Africa and Asia Minor, he intends to make good his words with deeds. When he warns Europe that it must adopt the Fascist philosophy or die, he is as sincere as Lenin was when he preached the gospel of a necessary communism to Europe nine years ago. Because his own ambitions are so high-pitched, and because he has the power to kindle the same ambitions in his people, he is the chief threat to peace in Europe today.

Few people outside of Italy believe that that country has the strength to accomplish the miracles that Mussolini would ask of it. But as long as he lives and rules the national spirit of Italy will be in continual effervescence and the neighbors of Italy will have frequent occasion to be uneasy.

## OVERDOING A GOOD THING

**T**HE basketball season that has just closed was livelier than any before it. A larger number of teams played, and the contests were harder fought. It would be easy, therefore, to call the season the best that the game has ever seen.

But it has not left that impression on the minds of those who are best qualified to judge. On the contrary, some of them are uneasy and others indignant. Mr. McCabe, a writer on the staff of the Boston Herald, who was for years a well-known and successful basketball coach, declares that, in spite of all the over-emphasis on football, that evil has never been so great as the present over-emphasis on basketball. "Think," he says, "of scholastic teams playing from fifteen- to twenty-game schedules, and then going on through the trial games for the so-called championship tournaments! One team—of high-school boys, not yet settled in physical growth and stamina—played eighteen games, then waded through a tournament at Worcester, played a week later in a severe contest at Tufts, and finally

wound up at the national tournament in Chicago, where a team to win had to play a game a day for a week. That is not physical training; it is physical straining."

The state supervisor of physical education in Massachusetts takes the same view. "No high-school boy," he says, "can go through with some of the schedules that are played without acquiring some physical setback or defect. That the harm does not manifest itself immediately following the strain is no assurance that the boys can afford such extravagance. It may not show itself until long after the lads have left school."

The director of athletics at Worcester Academy says that his observation of the game and the boys who play it has convinced him that it imposes a greater strain than any other high-school sport.

Still another observer, the principal of the Watertown, Mass., high school, calls attention to the fact that the remarkable success of the Andover football teams of a few years ago was owing to the insistence of the coach, "Sid" Peet, that the members should neither undergo too much practice nor play too many games. "These young fellows are boys," he said, "and not men."

The fault lies more often with coaches than with the teams. Being paid, they want to earn their money, and too many of them think they earn it best by getting their teams into a championship tournament. It is a matter that high-school principals and faculties and parents must handle.

## STUDYING LIFE

**A** GROUP of New England college girls, if they carry out the agreement to which they tentatively committed themselves at a recent conference, will spend the vacation months in a way that is sure to be interesting and may be of great service, both to them and to the public.

The girls represent Wellesley, Radcliffe, Simmons and Smith, and about fifty of them have pledged themselves to find jobs for the summer in factories, where they will work *incognito*, to study at first hand the conditions under which American girls are working today. They must not let it be known that they are college girls. They will choose a factory town or city, find a factory boarding-house, hunt a job through the "help-wanted" columns of the newspapers,

and in every other way place themselves on the same footing as the girls who make up the ordinary working force. There will be no week-ends at home, and callers may see them only in the boarding-house parlor.

It takes courage to do that. Work will be hard and living conditions in sharp contrast to all that they have been used to; but the benefits will be in proportion. If they find injustices, as undoubtedly they will here and there, bringing them to the light may help to end them, and that is a service to the public. To learn by actual experience how other girls must live and work should have a humanizing and broadening effect on the college girls.

But there is still another phase of the matter that we hope the girls will not overlook. Wherever they may work, they will find the old law of supply and demand working side by side with them. If they ask why the pay is so small, and try to answer the question for themselves, they will find that competition is the final authority that fixes wages, and that it may not be greed, but the very human desire to make a living, that impels the employer to pay no more than he has to. From that discovery it is only a step to asking what the effect is of always seeking the cheapest article in the market, and how that cheapness influences the wages of those who make the article.

Those are vital elements of political economy, much more convincing when met face to face than when viewed academically through the pages of a textbook. It is a fine thing that our college girls are willing so to meet them, and we wish them a happy and successful summer. If it is not happy in the experience, it will be in retrospect.

## THE GOLDEN KEY

**O**NE HUNDRED AND FIFTY years ago a little group of young men at William and Mary College formed themselves into a secret Greek-letter fraternity for the purpose of promoting debate and scholarship. The times were seething with political fervor and unrest. In that very town of Williamsburg were Patrick Henry and the group of revolutionists that had gathered round him. In every heart were doubts and questions. The young men wished to prepare themselves for the changing conditions of life.

Of the fifty members of that first chapter of Phi Beta Kappa nearly all entered the Continental Army. Seventeen reached the state legislature, and eight were members of the convention that ratified the Federal Constitution. From William and Mary the fraternity spread to other colleges. In the middle of the last century, when agitation against secret societies became acute, Phi Beta Kappa dropped its formulas of secrecy and has never assumed them since. Throughout the whole of its long life it has been distinctly and almost exclusively a society for encouraging and honoring scholarship. Admission to its ranks is based chiefly on the academic attainments of undergraduates, and among its past and present members are included a great number of the nation's most distinguished men.

Now comes the news that, to commemorate its one hundred and fiftieth anniversary, the fraternity purposes to raise a fund of \$1,000,000, the proceeds of which are to be devoted "to restoring scholarship and teaching to their rightful place."

The campaign will include a canvass for gifts in nearly a score of large cities and a nation-wide effort among the general membership, the erection of a memorial building at William and Mary, in honor of the fifty founders, and the establishment of annual rewards for excellence in scholarship. There will be a grand prize for distinction in teaching or attainment in scholarship, open to all college graduates of not more than ten years' standing, and smaller prizes, not to exceed two thousand dollars each, "to chapters or individuals in aid of scholarship, teaching, production or constructive experiment." There will also be awards for scholarship in secondary and preparatory schools.

The symbol of Phi Beta Kappa is a golden watch key. When it was adopted every watch wound with a key, and it is a pleasant link between those who used their time to good advantage in the past and those who wish to use it wisely in the future.



Wide World

Benito Mussolini





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## Miscellany



### May Baskets

We gathered all that made our gardens gay,  
We gleaned the woods and meadows,  
East and West,  
And hung our baskets full of flowers of May  
Upon the doors of those we loved the best.

Arthur Guileman

### TWO STICKS AND A BIT OF STRING

DURING the Great War a young American officer confined in a German prison furnished his captors with a remarkable evidence of Yankee ingenuity and cleverness. Before enlisting, the young man had been employed in the chemistry department of a large iron industry and possibly his experience there helped to explain his clever resourcefulness.

One morning, just at dawn, a guard on one of the outer walls, happening to glance toward the cell occupied by the prisoner, saw his hands apparently moving back and forth around one of the bars of his cell window. An officer was summoned and prisoner and cell searched. All that was found was a short piece of braided string, the ends of which were tied to two small pieces of wood. Nevertheless, when the steel bars at the window were examined two of them were found sawed almost through, a mere sliver of steel at the top and bottom serving to hold them in place.

When the prisoner realized that his plan was frustrated he made a frank explanation. The apparently innocent-looking string was the only instrument he had used. After soaking it in water and letting it dry the string was passed a few times through an oiled rag which he carried with him in lieu of a handkerchief. Afterwards it was dropped into a tiny heap of dust in one corner of his cell. The dust was found to be composed of iron filings and emery, which he had brought in small pinches from the machine shop where he had been compelled to work every day.

Dipping the string in this dust he took hold of the two pieces of wood that formed the handles, stretched the string tight and began sawing on one of the bars. Within half an hour the improvised saw had cut one eighth of an inch and the bar perceptibly weakened.

Who can read such a story without a thrill of admiration at the thought of the marvelous possibilities within a determined will? Is there any barrier that can stand before the intelligent resourcefulness and courage of the truly resolute soul?

It is not our resources or our lack of resources that so often keeps us prisoners in this world. It is rather our failure to utilize what we have to the fullest extent that so often shuts us out from the larger freedom and progress to which we recognize we are entitled. "Young men," said the great preacher Doctor Talmage, "don't say you have nothing to begin life with. Go down to the library and get some books and read of that wonderful mechanism God gave you in your hand, in your foot, in your eye, in your ear, and never again commit the blasphemy of saying you have no capital to start with. Equipped? Why, the poorest young man is equipped as only the God of the whole universe could afford to equip him."

### A JAPANESE MOVIE

AMERICAN movies, especially those in which a Charley Chaplin figure, or Indians and cowboys, have been popular in the Orient for some years, but in Japan the artistic and ingenious Japanese are fast developing a film art of their own. Their earliest

efforts were imitative: scenes and stories, still of the American Wild West, but written, filmed and acted by Japanese in Japan! Often the results were queer enough. Today, however, the most popular movie in Japan is purely Japanese in theme and treatment. It is called Schoolmaster Matsumoto, and it ran for a whole year in Tokyo.

The plot, even with subsidiary stories and incidents intertwined, would strike an American audience as simple to inadequacy. It is based upon a true incident. A little boy, at play on a bridge, fell into the river just as his teacher, Matsumoto, chanced to pass. Matsumoto dived after him and effected a rescue, but at the cost of his own life. This naturally provided the climax. Earlier in the story, says Mr. A. E. Zucker in the magazine Asia, the brave teacher is shown among his pupils and introduces to them, as a moral story, the anecdote of George Washington and the cherry tree. This story is acted out, and we are provided the spectacle of a slitted-eyed little George who just cannot tell a lie.

Japan today still takes education with great seriousness and exalts its teachers to a corresponding degree. Young children are idealized as incarnating the innocent and lovable. Is it conceivable that in any other country the most popular film could be one dealing with the life of the grammar grades and having as its hero a schoolmaster?

Probably not. And probably that movie, little George at any rate, would strike us as funny, but—well done, Japan!

### WHAT A DOG CAN'T DO WITH HIS NOSE

ALMOST everyone believes that police dogs, bloodhounds and other dogs whose powers of scent are strong can follow the trail of anyone, friend, stranger or criminal, after taking only a sniff or two of some garment he has worn. But that is not precisely the case. A good dog can always take the trail of his master or of anyone with whom he is well acquainted as long as any trail remains, but he is not so reliable when it comes to following a strange scent.

Not too much is to be expected, says the New York Times, of dogs in the rôle of detectives. A discussion in the Berlin press is a result of some conclusions reached by Major Most, former manager of the Gruenheide School for Police Dogs, about the real worth of police dogs in tracing suspects or escaped criminals. Major Most believes that so far it has been impossible to train the dogs so that they would recognize the scent of a strange person after having smelled of that individual or of his belongings. He also asserted that it was almost impossible for dogs to pick up a cold scent.

These statements were promptly challenged by a police inspector, who offered with his dogs to disprove Major Most's contentions. Six dogs in active police service were used for the experiments. These consisted in picking up a somewhat cold scent, recognizing a fresh scent, finding an article by the scent of its owner, tracking down a person and finding a man after having smelled of an article belonging to him. In twenty-seven tries the dogs made good only twice. Once they found an article, and once they ran down a man from his tracks. Despite the result of the tests police dogs are still being used in German country districts to track down suspects, but they are depended on chiefly for patrol and guard service.

### "JUST BLOKES DANCING"

THERE is a lot of posing and make-believe about art, but it is rarely that the artist, and never the really great artist, who is guilty of it. He leaves that sort of thing to the half-educated and insincere "admirer" of art, who is always trying to see in painting or sculpture something esoteric, something else than the attempt to create grace and beauty on canvas or in stone or bronze.

In his life of the late John S. Sargent, Mr. William Howe Downes tells how the great painter took the wind out of one inflated person of that sort, an ecstatic lady who was admiring in the artist's presence one of his pictures which represented several classical figures frisking about in a green glade.

"Oh, Mr. Sargent," she giggled, "tell me, what does it mean?"  
"Just blokes dancing," replied Sargent gravely.

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may be sewed on any fabric whether thick or thin, white or colored, rough or smooth. Their use is the best method of marking camp outfit. With any name, 75¢ for 100, postpaid. Samples Free.

**STERLING NAME TAPE CO.**  
Young Street, : : Winsted, Conn.  
Established 1901

**Boys! Here's Great Sport!**

Get a "Boy Toymaker" set NOW! Start right in making hundreds of wooden toys and novelties. Five attractive sizes—each complete with materials, tools and instructions—\$1, \$2, \$3.50, \$5 and \$10 per set. Sold in all toy stores or sent from our factory upon receipt of price. (Add 10 per cent to cover postage and individual wrapping). Ask for our FREE Handicraft Catalog and Circular about the American Boys' Handicraft Club.

**M. Carlton Dink & Co., Dept. S-YC, 2734 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.**

**Baby Loves A Bath With Cuticura Soap**

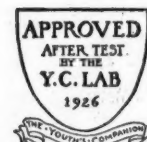
Mild and Soothing to Tender Skins.

To secure this Membership Button, the first step is to use the coupon below



# THE Y. C. LAB

## The National Society for Ingenious Boys



This seal on manufactured products certifies tests made by the Y. C. Lab

Member  
Carleton D. Brown  
Wins  
A Special Award

MEMBER CARLETON D. BROWN (15) of Waterville, Me., for the design and construction of a water motor, technically to be classified as an "impulse" or "tangential" wheel, receives this week a Special Award and high commendation by the Director and Governors of the Lab. Member Brown perseveres in his work under serious physical handicaps, which the Director found out by correspondence with his parents.

Despite these handicaps, Member Brown has submitted a project of which any worker in the Lab might justly feel proud. His motor, which you will see here pictured, was exhaustively tested by Instructor Louis H. Young, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who reported in as follows: "At 700 revolutions per minute the horse power delivered was 0.01. The horse power of the jet during the run was 0.02, so that the efficiency of the wheel was 50 per cent. Commercial machines have an efficiency of about 85 per cent, unobtainable of course in smaller installations. With an improved design of bucket, as shown in the sketches, however, a better efficiency would be possible. At a pressure of 115 pounds per sq. in., and if 2 cu. ft. of water pass through the nozzle in 1 minute, approximately 1 horse power would be delivered with the improved buckets."



Carleton D. Brown

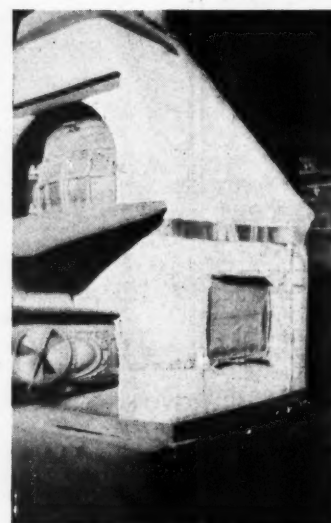
Member Brown used construction methods characterized by Councilor Young as "highly ingenious." The rotor, or main moving part, is made from an old alarm clock back. The buckets are made of spring brass, hand shaped and bolted to the rotor. The nozzle and piping are stock parts, as are the axle, pulley and bearings—all of which, however, were skillfully adapted to unintended uses by Member Brown. The body and base are of a single piece of wood, shaped on a jig saw, and the side shields are circular pieces of tin bolted through. The importance of this project is easily recognized, since such a device provides the simplest means of obtaining power in localities where electricity is not available. At present, Member Brown uses his motor to drive an emery wheel, in his workshop.



Don Emery and his furnace  
(1½ minutes' exposure)



Side view, showing smoke pipe  
(All photos by the designer)



Front view, showing raised  
door shield

### Member Don Emery Does a Real Piece of Engineering

"A STOVE on a parlor rug in the front room doesn't appeal to many housewives by any manner of means," Member Don Emery (age 15) of 240 Congress Ave., Chelsea, Mass., observed to the Director of the Y. C. Lab some weeks ago in the course of a formal report upon a project. "The carrying of ashes and coal soon ruins the rug, room and disposition. Stovepipe certainly doesn't improve the general effect of a parlor, either."

This has the merit of being true. But Member Emery deserves no special commendation for his observation of this simple fact. The admirable thing is that he went farther, and where the average person might think there was nothing that he could do he proceeded immediately along a self-instigated course of action which took the stove from off the parlor rug, added greatly to the comfort of all inhabitants of the house, measurably increased the value of the stove as a heat-producing machine and, last, although he had no inkling of it when he began his work,—added \$100.00 to his savings-bank account.

The Director, Governors and Councilors of the Y. C. Lab have designated the "Pipeless Furnace" of Member Don Emery as the winning project considered for the Second Quarterly Award of \$100.00. His Pipeless Furnace is good engineering design, from the first conception of the manner in which the Emery parlor could be improved down to the planning of the last small detail. It was true engineering talent that Member Emery showed: that peculiar ability of the mind which can imagine unhampered, and yet can focus instantly upon problems of detail, however trifling.

Thus it was that Member Emery, after he had thought out his plan, took the unsightly, inconvenient and inefficient parlor stove, dismantled it, transported it to the cellar directly under the parlor, reassembled it, mounted it on a foundation he had built of concrete, cut a hole in the parlor floor (in engineering you must have the courage of your convictions, and your convictions must be founded on certain knowledge—

otherwise heaven help you!), inserted in this hole a purchased register, connected this stove to the furnace by a flue, reconnected the smoke box to the chimney at a lower point, redesigned the method of fueling in accord with the "gravity flow" principle used by some of the most efficient automatic stokers in huge power plants, and covered every part with asbestos "lagging," designed to prevent the wasting of heat by stray radiation. You can hold your hand, as the Director did, within two inches of the furnace wall, and you will feel no heat. It all goes where Member Emery wants it to go—up to the register.

Let us listen to the designer's own report: "Here is the order in which I proceeded with the actual work: Securing a steel tank (barrel shaped) from the waste pile of a local lampblack firm. Placing this directly under the center of the room. Setting the stove, which is devoid of fenders, foot rests and all this sort of thing, in position. Securing a large quantity of rather thin tin, bending this to shape. Covering the stove and leading flue up to the floor. Covering this with asbestos, which I procured in the local hardware store. Footing with cement about four inches from the ground and four inches high. Placing the air draft in the rear of the furnace. Procuring a hood from an automobile and bending this into shape for the door. The only help I had was in placing the stove upon the foundation.

"The tools used were: a heavy pair of tin cutters, screw driver, hammer, level, T-square, hack saw and keyhole saw, and of course several mason's tools.

"This Pipeless Furnace can be made by any boy of average mechanical ability for less than \$5.00. The principal cost is in the register and then the asbestos.

"Of course I had to prove to my maternal and paternal ancestors that this would be practical before they would let me cut a hole in the parlor floor. If one wished to run up a bill for materials and tinsmith work, the stove would be a little more presentable, but it would make no difference in the functioning in relation to the heat produced."

NOZZLE



BUCKET

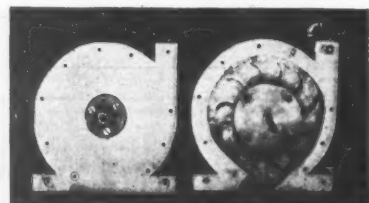
FIG. 1

NOZZLE



BUCKET

FIG. 2



### Membership Coupon

For the use of any boy, anywhere, who wishes to join the Y. C. Lab.

The Director, Y. C. Lab  
8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

I am a boy . . . . . years of age, and am interested in creative and constructive work. Send me full particulars and an application blank on which I may submit my name for Associate Membership in the Y. C. Lab.

Name . . . . .  
Address . . . . .

### The Secretary's Notes

EVERY day we receive several letters from Associate Members who want to know what they must do to qualify for promotion. Some of them seem to believe that they must make formal application before they can be considered for full membership. This is not so. The Directors and Governors hold periodic examinations of all projects, and most of the promotions so far have been unexpected by those who have received them.

Our Laboratory is international. Already we

have three applications from South America, from W. Robert Pettigrew (15) of Porto Alegre, Brazil; Joseph A. Salicrup, Jr. (13) of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil; and Jack Ballard (12) of Chuquicamata, Chile. And just the other day our first application arrived from England. John E. Terry (12) sent it from Ashcombe Avenue, Surbiton, England. We are confident that it will not be long before we extend our sphere of influence to the Far East.

### Election of 29 Full Members

A RECENT important decision by the Governors of the Lab now makes promotion to the grade of full Member automatic whenever an Associate Member wins a Special or a Weekly Award. This ruling will apply not only in the future but at once, to all Associate Members who have previously won an award. The list of new Members now therefore stands at the imposing total of 29, as follows:

Robert Arnold, Tiro, O.  
Handy Tool Box

Thomas E. Bissell, R.F.D.  
Terryville, Conn.  
Watch Case Receiving Set

Carleton D. Brown,  
23 Burleigh St., Waterville, Me.  
Water Motor

Frederick S. Brucker,  
2216 E. 68th St., Chicago, Ill.  
Stage Set

Charles A. Bushnell, 1813 Rail-  
road Ave., Aberdeen, Wash.  
Pontoon Boat

Lucius F. Clark,  
Route 2, Lamolite, Minn.  
Model Caterpillar Truck

Harland Cismey, Madelia, Minn.  
Snowplow

Stephen Crum, Scobey, Mont. Model Sloop

Charles S. Fogwell, 830 N. 8th Ave., Phoenix, Arizona  
Lathe

Walter E. Frey, Route 2, Box 64, Goessel, Kansas  
Crane Rain Bird

John H. Haley, Jr., Bowling Green, Mo.  
Clubhouse

Ralph Harrington, Sweet Hill Road, Plaistow, N. H.  
Toy Automobile

Bert Harry, General Delivery, San Marcos, Texas.  
Model Ship

Earl E. Hege, 472 Washington St., Chambersburg, Pa.  
Lathe

Charles P. Hodge, 222 Winona Ave., Germantown, Pa.  
18-Foot Sloop

Fulton Holtby, 14 Madison St., Geneva, N. Y.  
Work in Branch Lab

Stanley Johnson, 2 LaVeta Place, Nyack, N. Y.  
Leaf-Class Sailboat

R. J. Kasson, 38 West Harris Ave., La Grange, Ill.  
Drawing for Foot Power Sanding Wheel

Donald Keene, Mankato, Minn.  
Gymnasium

Charles Logan, 11 Webster St., Middleboro, Mass.  
Writing Desk

Harry M. Lowd, Jr., 90 Burrill St., Swampscott, Mass.  
Telegraph Set

Edwin A. Potter, 3416 E. Marion St., Seattle, Wash.  
Solid Oak Table

Arnold W. Ryan, P. O. Box 467, Lombard, Ill.  
Pushmobile

Wilmer D. Schlafer, Jr., 121 North Drew St.,  
Appleton, Wis. Model Plane

C. Arthur Smith, Wycombe, Pa. Chicken House

Donald Straus, 875 Park Ave., New York City.  
Raf

Garland F. Taylor, 207 E. Cherokee St.,  
Brookhaven, Miss. Mechanical Drawing

W. R. Thurnau, 621 State St., Ann Arbor, Mich.  
Drawbridge Door for Garage

Robert R. Vennum, 2605 Franklin St., Wilmington,  
Del. Work Bench

### Answers

How can sails for a model ship be made in the actual shape as if they were belled out by the wind?—Louis Schneider, South Natick, Mass.

Answer by Mr. Magoun: Sails made to maintain a permanent shape similar to that resulting from wind pressure are manufactured in several ways. Some of them are sheet metal, painted white. These are probably the easiest to make. The best ones are English broadcloth, carefully covered with white shellac and bent to shape while drying. This trick is rather difficult to accomplish.



## CAMPS

**WINDSOR** Mountain Camps for Junior BOYS Senior

Resident personal direction of  
Prof. Oliver L. Hebbert, Director of Physical Education  
Dr. Ralph C. Achorn, Physician and Naturalist  
Ninth year, 1700 acres, Boulder Lake, White Mt. Region  
Fourteen bungalows, Superior equipment, Responsible leaders  
All camp activities, Gym and corrective gymnastics, Moderate price

**JUNIORS** Separate camp and special program  
Resident camp mother, Graduate nurse

For Booklets Write  
Prof. Oliver L. Hebbert, 48 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

## Camp

**WENTWORTH**

Wolfeboro, N. H. For 50 Boys 8 to 16. On Lake  
Wentworth in the foothills of the White Mountains.  
Every camp activity supervised by experts.  
M. S. Giles, Fessenden School, W. Newton, Mass.

**CAMP RED WING** For Girls

Silver Lake, Susquehanna County, Pa. 1800 feet above  
sea level, in pine forest. Complete equipment. All  
camp sports and activities. Experienced physician,  
trained nurse. Catalogue. Edward C. Wilson, Prin.  
Friends School, Loudon E. Lamborn, Prin. McDonough  
School for Boys. After June 30, Brackney, Pa. Before  
that date McDonough School, McDonough, Md.

**CAMP MECHANO** FOR BOYS

On Sebago Lake at South Casco, Maine. A different  
type of camp. Fine record, excellent staff, the best of  
food and care. Tutoring department. Write E. B.  
Blakely, Director, St. George's School, Newport, R. I.,  
for booklet.

**Camp Wichitee** West Dresden, Me.

A camp of real sportsmanship. All activities including  
hand-craft, nature study, horseback riding and GOLF.  
Moderate rates. Address Miss Harriet M. Balcom, 1193  
Commonwealth Ave., Allston, Mass.

**SEN-A-PE** Woodcraft Camp  
Lake Mahopac, N. Y.

Boys, 7 to 16. A superior Camp at a moderate price, \$1.50.  
All camp activities. Free booklet. DR. J. W. MERCER,  
Director, Room 303, Windham Club, Yonkers, N. Y.

**SKYLINE TRAIL CAMP**

In the heart of the Cascades, Elk Lake, near Bend, Oregon.  
Girls 10-18. Six weeks. Altitude 4800 feet. Clear,  
warm, dry. Land and water sports. Fifth year. For  
booklet address Miss C. H. Degermark, Dalton, Mass., or  
Miss Jennie M. Hall, Broadway-Yamhill Bldg., Portland,  
Oregon.

**CAMP PENACOOK**

North Sutton, N. H. Twenty-eighth  
Season. Limited number of desirable  
boys, ages 8 to 16. All field and water  
sports. Experienced counselors. Ex-  
ceptional equipment. Wholesome food.  
R. B. Mattern, M. S., Dobbs Ferry-on-Hudson, N. Y.

**CAMP NEWAKA**

For Girls - Gold Lake, Colorado, near Estes Park.  
All healthful camp life activities; riding featured. No  
extra. References required. Write for booklet. Mr.  
and Mrs. Roy E. Dougan, Directors, 1356 Beach Court,  
Lakewood, Ohio.

**BERKSHIRE BOYS' CAMP**

Onota Lake - Pittsfield, Mass. 18th season. All land  
and water sports, golf, ponies, tutoring, Catholic patron-  
age. All counselors are teachers. J. A. Treanor,  
32 Bloomfield St., Boston.

**Camp Arbutus** FOR GIRLS 11 to 20

Twelfth Season  
One-half mile of wooded shore on beautiful lake in Grand  
Traverse County, Michigan. Water and Land Sports.  
Canoe Trips, Woodcraft and Nature Study. Correctives.  
Resident Physician. References required. Booklet. Edith  
A. Steere, Packard Road, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

**CAMP BAY STATE, TILTON, N. H.**

For boys 9-18. Trips to all points of interest in the White  
Mts. and Lakes in N. H. featured. Sports. Woodcraft  
Circle. Rifle Range. Nature-Study. Every boy learns  
to swim. 8 weeks \$200.00. Write for booklet.  
M. M. Ballam, 28 Peirce St., Arlington Heights, Mass.



## Chubby Tips the Scales at Camp

Letters from campers and students, tell-  
ing of the joys of their camp and school  
life, will be printed here regularly.

Dear Y. C.:

"The bugle! Was that the bugle?"

"Good grief, let me rest! Ow, ow, ow! Oh, cut it out! Stop it! Hey, there, let me alone!"

"Well, Chubby, if you don't get out of those blankets and into the water before I count ten, it will be the 'parade of the wooden soldiers' for you. You know how you like the 'hot hands.' One, two, three, four, five, six, seven — eight — nine —"

"Wait, wait, wait! Wait a minute!"

"Ten."

"Saved!"

The above is simply a description of every morning at camp, just as it came to me. I got all that was coming to me if I did not find time to rise as per schedule, but it was better to do it than find myself the lusty target of several dozen eager hands waiting to caress my shoulders and back with the vigor of youth. The "parade of the wooden soldiers" found the Seniors generally better equipped than the Juniors.

Though I have a liking for water, there are times when it does not appeal to me in the least; especially when it is nicer to stay in bed. My poor old master, "Whit," whose duty it was to rouse me from my sound slumbers when the bugle failed to do so at the terrible hour of seven A.M., took his duties too seriously. This made it often quite painful for me to remain in bed longer than a fifteen-year-old camper should try to stay.

How well do I remember the day that Johnnie found himself carried bodily, pajamas and all, and dumped into the lake without any ceremony whatever, simply because his ears remained deaf to bugle call and all entreaties.

When Johnnie came to the surface he was the widest-awake boy he had been for sixteen years. He looked like a drowned rat. His pajamas fitted him like paper on the wall. What a picture! But Johnnie's smile carried through it all. He still has it. It couldn't be drowned.

But, speaking about masters, did you ever see such an honest liar as Ted? Talk about 'em! Ted takes the anthracite carving set. The day he talked us into a snipe hunt I shall remember to the crack of doom. How we beat about the trees and bushes of Mt. Pleasant, braying like asses, and whistling and making other foolish noises, while over in the distant, inky blackness stood Abe with a lantern, holding the potato sack open. Did the snipe run into the bag? Ask Abe.

You asked me how I liked my meals. I always liked my meals, for you know I have always enjoyed food anyway. I was forty-five pounds overweight when I arrived at camp, and I held my own despite the great work of "Doc," who gave me the once-over daily.

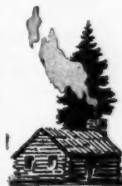
I had the laugh on "Doc" on the closing day. When I stepped up to "weigh in" for the last time, he took only a glance at the scales and then he turned to me and said: "You'd gain weight if you were a child of the Near East!"

And before I close I want to ask you: can you ever forget the sound of taps as played by Eliot? That old baritone certainly had a far more beautiful sound than any bugle ever had. And what an echo it gave from the hills across the lake. It might have been the peal of an organ.

Taps certainly meant sleep to us and a blissful trip to Slumberland, but what a thought it brought to think of the morning! No, I didn't think of the morning. I loved my sleep too well to spoil it. Dad says I can go back to camp next summer. Please put me down for "Whit's" section. He's a pretty good scout, after all.

Yours for camp forever,

"CHUBBY" BLANCHARD (age 15)



Write for full  
information to  
THE DIRECTOR  
School and Camp  
Dept., 8 Arlington  
St., Boston, Mass.

## SCHOOLS

**STUDY INTERIOR DECORATION**

A home study course in making your home beautiful or preparing for an agreeable and lucrative profession. Immensely interesting and useful. Send at once for free catalogue 57E.

N. Y. School of Interior Decoration  
441 Madison Avenue New York City

**Bordentown**  
MILITARY INSTITUTE

Thorough preparation for college or business. Efficient faculty, small classes, individual attention. Boys taught how to study. Supervised athletics. 42nd year. Special Summer Session.  
COL. T. D. LANDON, Principal  
Drawer C-15 Bordentown-on-the-Delaware, N. J.

**THE HUNTINGTON SCHOOL**

An urban day school offering thorough preparation for all leading colleges or for business. Six Forms from seventh grade through high school. Men teachers. Small classes. Indoor and outdoor sports.

Fall Term Opens September 22.  
Summer Term Opens July 6.  
Send for catalogs to Charles H. Sampson, Headmaster,  
320 Huntington Ave., Boston.

**WESTBROOK**

## SEMINARY FOR GIRLS

One of New England's oldest and best equipped schools, offering four years' preparatory and one year college work. Outdoor sports. Gymnasium. Riding. Catalog. Agnes M. Safford, Principal, Portland, Maine.

**SUFFIELD**

An endowed school preparing boys for College, Scientific School, or business, with athletic program for all, under expert direction. Separate Junior School. Rev. Brownell Gage, Ph.D., Headmaster, 25 High St., Suffield, Conn.

**DUMMER ACADEMY**

164th Year. A preparatory school for a limited number of boys. Wholesome country location. Carefully directed athletics. Supervised study and democratic ideals. Upper and Lower School. Moderate fees. Charles S. Ingham, Ph.D., Principal, South Byfield, Mass.

**THE MANLIUS SCHOOL**

## "Saint John's"

Military. College preparatory. Thoroughly equipped. Business course. Well-ordered athletics. Catalog. GEN. WM. VERBECK, Pres., Box 285, Manlius, N. Y.

## CAMPS

**Camp Mishike "The Turtle"**

A Forestry Camp for Boys  
In the heart of the North Woods, Mishike, Wis. Forestry under experienced foresters who teach the lore of the woods. Canoeing, exploring, marking trails. Every day an adventure. 1700 acres.  
DR. HUGH P. BAKER  
Room 605, 18 E. 41st Street, New York City

**Camp Overlook**

## Georgetown, Maine

Protestant camp for girls, 10 to 18 years of age. Class "A" rating from State Dept. of Health, Augusta. Enrollment, 40. Catalog on request.

MARTHA RICH BOWEN  
HARRY HOWARD BOWEN  
164 Milk Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

**Norridgewock**

A camp for thirty-five Boys 7-16. On Condon's Island (50 acres) East Lake, one of the Belgrade Lakes, Maine. Sixth season. Rate \$300. Personal interviews gladly arranged.  
NORRINGTON, MASS. ARTHUR M. CONDON, Director.

**WYODA** Lake Fairlee

Camp for Girls. All sports. Swimming, canoeing, archery, rifle shooting, handicrafts, weaving, woodcraft, riding, dancing, dramatics, nature study, mountain trips, camping trips, straw rides. Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Newcomer, Lower Summit Park, Yonkers, New York.

CORRESPONDENCE  
SCHOOL

**SHORT-STORY WRITING**  
A practical forty-lesson course in the writing and editing of the Short-Story taught by Dr. J. Burg Eastwood, Editor of The Writer's Monthly.  
120 page catalogue free. Please address:  
THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL  
Dept. 59 Springfield, Mass.

**"Getting the Right Start in Business"**

This is the title of a new booklet that will interest, inspire and instruct young people interested in business as a career. It also tells something about the specialized training in the Business Administration, Secretarial and other departments of Burdett College. Burdett College offers one- and two-year courses that fit young men and women for positions of the better grade. Send for this free booklet to J. D. Smith, Registrar.

**BURDETT COLLEGE, BOSTON**  
Founded 1879 18 Boylston Street

Send for  
"Getting the Right  
Start in Business"



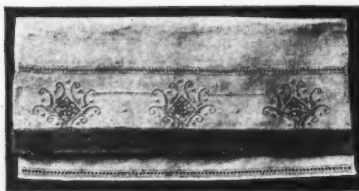
These are curtain pulls made with real butterflies on a transparent background of amber, rose, blue or white, and bound with antique black-and-gold braid—\$1.00 each

So many of you are writing letters like this: "Mary is one of my best friends, and she is a senior at high school this year. I want to give her something very nice indeed for graduation. You know the sort of thing I mean—something different. Can you help me out?" Or like this: "There are eleven girls in my class this year, and I want to give them all equally nice presents; so I thought it would be great if you, or Suzanne, or Adelaide, or Betty, or all of you together, could find something attractive and not too expensive. If you could, then I might give all the girls the same thing. Would that be all right? And if I sent you the money, could you get them all for me, or have them sent, or something?"

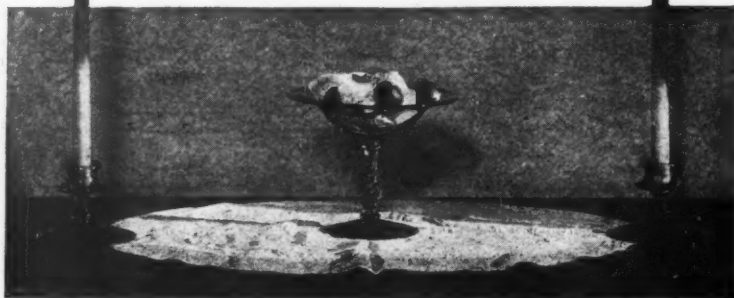
And one or two hundred of your letters are like this: "Do you remember Margaret? I wrote you about her a little while ago when I sent in her handwriting for the gypsy to read. She said that Margaret should be very careful to see that her heart did not rule her head. And ever so soon after that Margaret announced her engagement. Wasn't that funny? And now I want to get a real nice engagement present, and there is nothing in town except the same old things. Can you come to my rescue?"

And still others (you see how much delightful mail I have) write like this: "Tom and I are rather good friends, and I should like to give him a nice graduation present, but I don't know just exactly what it ought to be. Will you help? Tom is a good student and likes to read, and he isn't silly, like so

## Graduation Gifts



A real Italian cutwork towel straight from Italy, all hand "cutworked"—\$1.50. Mary Hannah bought one for her hope chest, and she's saving her pennies for another



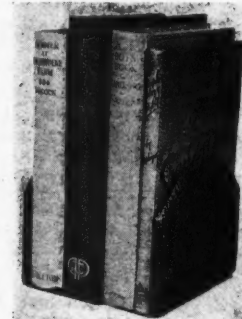
Candlesticks in sparkling glass, green or amber or blue—\$1.00 each or \$1.75 a pair. And a compote to match, if you want it, for \$3.00



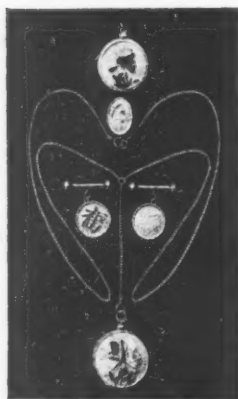
Betty had a leatherette writing portfolio like this on the cruise last summer. It has pockets for paper, cards and envelopes, pen and stamps—\$1.00



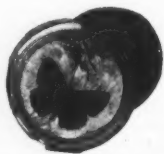
Suzanne can always use one more pair of bookends for her room. She loved these—they're real leather, for \$3.00. Colors: blue, rose, green, purple or gray



The little perfume bottle may be had in amber, green or amethyst glass, and it is decorated with a gold design—\$1.90



These butterfly lockets are \$2.25 and \$3.00 each. The 22-inch chain has a 2-inch drop and is sterling silver—\$1.00. The ring is sterling, too, made with the smallest butterfly in the world, mounted on iridescent blue! (Please send finger size!) The cuff links are Chinese silver—\$2.00



The butterfly compact is lovely, too. And you can order a loose powder sifter if you prefer that to a filling inside—\$1.25



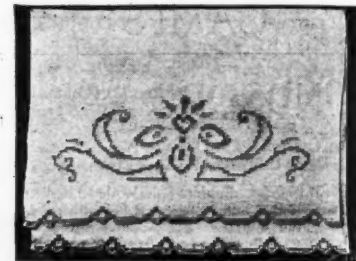
Mary Hannah liked this compact with a gold-tooled design in the cover. It snaps with a gold button and comes in old blue, dark brown or buff leather, for \$1.50



Isn't this an enchanting little boudoir pillow slip? All handmade Madeira work, for \$1.35. Mary Hannah simply loved it. Then for \$3.85 you can get the pillow to go inside if you happen not to have one—pink or blue



Lovely correspondence cards, all different colors, some lined envelopes, all Italian handmade paper, a few different sizes—\$1.00 a dozen. Certainly your friends will need correspondence cards at graduation time, and to write on lovely ones like these is a real treat



Here is a mosaic towel much like the one Adelaide sent that you seemed to like so much. All handmade, imported—\$1.50. I think it's a lovely hope-chest present

many boys, although he is an awfully good sport and plays on the football team."

Then some of my letters come from boys wanting to know what is a really nice and suitable thing to give you. What will you like, they ask. There is one boy who lives in Michigan (I won't tell his name) who writes that the girl he likes most of all is the one that many of the other boys like too. He wants me to see if I can't find, somewhere, something that is so much more attractive than anything the other boys will be able to get for her that she will be prejudiced in his favor.

Of course, after ever and ever so many letters like this, there was nothing for me to do but to go shopping again—here and there and everywhere, trying my level best to get attractive, unusual gifts for you to give your friends. I have tried, too, to look for things that were not too expensive, because of course you do not want to give a more costly present than you can afford to give. That would be very bad taste.

But I do hope that among these things there will be something to fit each of your needs. I have tried to remember every one of you. Mary Hannah went with me, and she tried to remember too.

### ABOUT ORDERING

If you want to order anything, send your check or money order to me, and I will have it sent to you. Be sure to inclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope and to give the exact description of what you want—color, size and everything.

*Hazel Gisy.*

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION  
8 Arlington Street, Boston



Here is an opalescent glass powder jar that was hand-painted in Czecho-Slovakia. Mary Hannah and I just lost our hearts to it—\$1.50



Really it's too bad that you can't see the colors of the shiny transparent-paper wrapping of these bath salt packages! There are ten in each box for \$1.00. Rose, jasmine, chypre and lilac are the scents you may choose



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# The Birthday of the Princess

By  
**PRINGLE BARRET**

This is a very remarkable day,  
For the Princess is eight  
years old, they say.

Here is the Princess Elizabeth Anne,  
Who is feeling as gay as a  
Princess can.

She's scattering roses far  
and wide  
And dancing over the countryside.



She says, "Be happy, every-  
one;

The world is frolic, the  
world is fun!"

Here are her subjects, who  
must obey  
When the Princess gives  
commands today.



Here is the pig of the castle  
tall,  
Who has rolled right over  
the garden wall  
Because he is happy!

Here is her Buttercup  
Bunny Bee,  
Dancing a jig in the meadow  
lea  
Because he is happy!



Here is her deer with the  
striped head,  
Skipping right over the  
daisy bed  
Because he is happy!

Where are the gay little girls  
and boys  
Who would like to share in  
the Princess' joys?  
Why, they are the children  
who read this page  
In every land and of every  
age  
Because they are happy!

## To All Happy Little Children Who Read This Page

I HAVE enjoyed all your contest letters so much that I want you to write to me again—and this time I want you to tell me some very definite things about what you like and what you don't like. Will you write me a letter and say, "I like the fairy stories best, or the Little Bear stories best, or the poems?"

How about writing me a little letter telling me about your pets? You have a pet, haven't you? And you could take a picture of him and

send it to me with your letter. Perhaps you have some pets that are just as funny—and, I hope, as happy—as those the Princess has. Write and tell me about them. I know a lovely lady who has a very beautiful cat for a pet. She calls it Cobweb. Don't you think that is a nice name for a cat? She has a parrot, too, named Polonius, and that is quite the nicest name for a parrot that ever I heard in my life. Names make such a difference in pets.

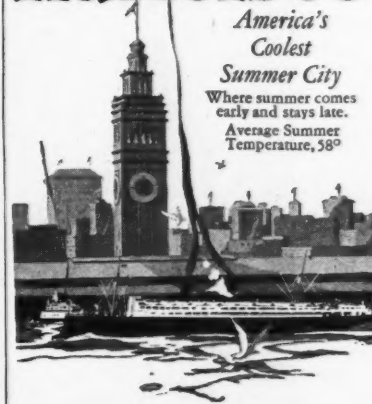
EDITOR CHILDREN'S PAGE

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

8 Arlington Street, Boston

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